



Class PT 886

Book Z 32 B 3



174
1878

SELECT IDYLLS;
OR,
PASTORAL POEMS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

SALOMON GESSNER.

BY GEORGE BAKER, A. M.

αναδημα μιν Ερωτι και Πανι και Νυμφαις
ηθημα δε τερπνον πασιν ανθρωποις.

LONGI Proem.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW,

BY W. SAVAGE, BEDFORD BURY, COVENT-GARDEN.

1809.

M.E.F.



PT 1586
.Z32 B3

LC Control Number



tmp96 031591

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Translator's Preface - -	xix
Author's Preface - -	1
Dedication - - -	7
The Autumnal Morning - -	13
The Serenade - - -	21
The Nosegay - - -	29
Iris and Egle - - -	35
Nocturnal Eclogue - -	47
Eschines and Menalcas - -	55
Chloe, or the Confession - -	63
Lycas and Milon - - -	69
Invocation to Spring - -	79
Daphnis and Mycon - -	87
The Origin of Song and of the Lyre -	97
The Zephyrs - - -	109
Milon - - -	115

			Page.
Daphne, or the Orphan	-	-	121
Thyrsis	-	-	311
Erythea	-	-	137
Damon and Phillis	-	-	145
Alexis	-	-	151
The Fixed Resolve	-	-	161
The Storm	-	-	167
The Vow	-	-	175
The Wish	-	-	179
Notes	-	-	197

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

A.

Hon. Miss C. Abercrombie, Richmond.

Sir Chas. Asgyll, Bart.

Lady Asgyll.

R. Alnutt, Esq.

M. Arnold, Esq.

B.

His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

Mrs. T. Baring.

Revd. R. Barnard, Winton.

Revd. F. H. Barnwell.

P. Beckford, Esq.

Revd. R. Bevens.

C. W. Bigge, Esq.

J. T. Bigge, Esq.

F. Bonham, Esq. (3 cop.)

Revd. W. L. Bowles.

Hon. Mrs. E. Bouverie.

Hon. T. Brand, M. P.

Ch. Brandling, Esq. M. P.

J. Atkyns Bray, Esq.

Revd. B. Broughton.

Mrs. Briggs.

Mrs. R. H. Browne.

Revd. R. Budd.

Revd. J. Bartlam.

T. R. Barker, Esq.

Revd. Wm. Bishop.

Miss Burton.

C.

Countess Camden.

Revd. H. Chatfield.

John Clarke, Esq.

Revd. Geo. Chandler.

W. R. Colborne, Esq. M. P.

Revd. J. Cooke, Pres. C.C.C. Oxon, (5 cop.)

Dewes Coke, Esq.

Earl Cowper.

Hon. Sp. Cowper.

Revd. E. Copleston.
 Mrs. Cullum.
 C. L. Cumming, Esq.
 A. Creswell, Esq.
 Revd. W. Corne.
 Revd. J. Cholmley.
 Mrs. Ridley Colborne.

D.

W. Dalton, Esq.
 Revd. W. N. Darnell.
 Sir H. W. Dashwood, Bt. M. P.
 Geo. Dashwood, Esq.
 J. Dawkins, Esq.
 Rev. F. Davies.
 Geo. Dawson, Esq.
 Earl of Desart.
 B. Dewes, Esq.
 Mrs. Dewes.
 F. Doveton, Esq.
 Mrs. Downing.
 Home Drummond, Esq.
 Phil. Duncan, Esq.
 J. Dyson, Esq.
 Mrs. Dyson.

F. Dyson, Esq.

E.

Mrs. Ekins, Bath.

Miss Ekins.

Miss A. Ekins.

Mrs. J. Ekins, Sarum.

Mrs. S. Ekins, do.

Miss Ekins.

Miss A. Ekins, do.

Revd. Ch. Ekins.

Revd. F. Ekins, Morpeth.

Mrs. F. Ekins.

Revd. Robt. Ekins.

N. Ellison, Esq.

J. Erskine, Esq. (2 cop)

F.

Revd. R. Farrer.

Walter Fawkes, Esq.

John Fazakerley, Esq.

H. Faithfull, Esq.

J. Lane Fox, Esq.

W. Franklin, Esq.

Mrs. Frome, Sarum

G.

- The Revd. Dr. Goddard, Wint. Coll.
 Mr. Gent Graham.
 Revd. W. Graham.
 Revd. J. Granville.
 Lord George Grenville.
 Pascoe Grenfell, Esq.
 Countess Grey.
 Dowager Lady Grey.
 C. E. Grey, Esq.
 Thos. Gray, Esq. Cheltenham.
 Revd. W. Griffiths, Master Un. Coll. Oxon.
 W. Guillemard, Esq.
 Rev. J. Goldsborough.

H.

- Geo. Hammond, Esq.
 Revd. H. Hasted.
 Mrs. Hasted.
 Miss Hatsell.
 Miss F. Hatsell.
 Rev. Regd. Heber.
 J. Harrop, Esq.
 R. Hawker, Esq.
 J. Edensor Heathcote, Esq.

Mrs. Hinxman.

W. Holbech, Esq.

E. O. Holwell, Esq.

Revd. Walter Hore.

F. Horner, Esq. M. P.

Revd. W. Howley, D. D.

J. Hunter, Esq.

T. P. Hampson, Esq.

I.

Earl of Ilchester.

J.

Rev. J. Johnson.

Sir Walter James, Bart.

R. Jebb, Esq.

K.

Revd. Walter Kerrick.

Viscount Kilwarden.

Wyndham Knatchbull, Esq.

L.

His Grace the Duke of Leeds.

W. Gore Langton, Esq.

W. Lemon, Esq.

Chas. Lovelace, Esq.

Hon. Wm. Lyttleton.

W. Lawley, Esq.

F. Lawley, Esq.

M.

Hon. Chas. Manners Sutton, M. P.

Mrs. Mackenzie.

Revd. J. Maule, Ch. Coll. Camb.

Sir H. Mildmay, Bart. M.P.

Sir Chas. Mordaunt, Bart. M. P.

Revd. H. Moises.

Miss S. Mordaunt.

Miss C. Mordaunt.

Fras. Moore, Esq.

Mrs. Moore.

Abraham Moore, Esq.

Sir Chas. Monk, Bart.

Revd. W. Lockwood Maydwell.

J. H. Miller, Esq.

Miss Mills.

Scott Murray, Esq.

Revd. Wm. Newbolt.

O.

Mrs. Ogle, Bath.

Nat. Ogle, Esq. (3 cop.)

H. B. Ogle, Esq. (2 cop.)

Revd. J. S. Ogle.
 Capt. Chas. Ogle.
 Revd. James Ogle.
 Sir Wm. Oglander, Bart. M. P.
 Wm. Ord, Esq. M. P.

P.

Wm. Parnell, Esq. Avondale, (10 cop.)
 Miss Parke.
 Hon. Mrs. Pelham.
 Rd. Penn, Esq.
 Revd. W. Penrose.
 Rt. Hon. the Earl of Plymouth.
 Mrs. Porter.
 P. Porter, Esq.
 J. H. Powell, Esq.
 Lady Eliz. Pratt.
 J. Pringle, Esq.
 Revd. B. Port.
 R. Pigou, Esq.

R.

His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Lenox.
 Col. Ram, M. P.
 Mrs. Ram.
 A. J. Ram, Esq.

Mrs. A. J. Ram.
 Sir J. Riddell, Bart.
 S. Rigaud, Esq.
 Lord Rivers.
 Lord Ruthven.
 Mrs. Reay.
 Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart.
 M. W. Ridley, Esq.

S.

S. Seawell, Esq.
 Hon. Mrs. Scott.
 Rt. Hon. Sir W. Scott.
 Revd. Geo. Speres.
 Hen. Seymer, Esq.
 Mrs. Hen. Seymer.
 Rt. Hon. R. B. Sheridan.
 Mrs. Sheridan.
 Thos. Sheridan, Esq.
 Mrs. Thos. Sheridan.
 Mrs. Scott.
 Revd. N. Shuttleworth.
 Sir Grey Skipwith, Bt.
 H. Skrine, Esq.
 Revd. Chas. Smelt.

Wm. Sotheby, Esq.
 Hon. H. St. John.
 J. Spencer, Esq.
 Revd. W. Spencer.
 G. F. Stratton, Esq.
 J. Stratton, Esq.
 Mrs. Stratton.
 B. Swete, Esq.
 Revd. Chas. Symmons.
 Mrs. Symmons.

T.

Revd. Chas. Thorpe.
 H. Tinny, Esq.
 Rt. Hon. Lady H. Townshend.
 Gore Townshend, Esq.
 Revd. Hen. Townshend.
 J. Trower, Esq.
 H. Trower, Esq.
 Mrs. Trower.
 J. Trotter, Esq.
 R. Tyssen, Esq.

W.

Mrs. Wall.
 Revd. Ch. Watkins.

Revd. Wm. Way.
G. H. Wheler, Esq. (5 cop.)
S. Whitbread, Esq. M. P.
Mrs. Wilmot.
John Wickham, Esq.
Ph. Williams, Esq.
Chas. Williams, Esq.
Geo. Williams, M. D.
Miss Williams.
Chas. Wolesley, Esq.
Robt. Wood, Esq.
Revd. Fras. Wrangham.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THOUGH it is some time since the writings of Gessner have obtained considerable celebrity both on the Continent and in this country, and though their popularity has been extended by means of French and English translations, it has so happened that the language of Poetry has never yet been employed to interpret the most poetical of all his compositions, which gained him from his contemporaries the title of the "Theocritus of Switzerland."

That his Idylls have beauties which claim particular attention from readers of taste and sensibility, I trust it will not be difficult to show (whatever may be the defects of the following version) at the same time I cannot help thinking that this claim is founded upon a merit altogether different from that ascribed to them by their admirers. Gessner, it is true, has adopted many of the graces of Theocritus, and has demonstrated a good taste in the choice of his imita-

tions, but it is precisely in those points where he has deviated from every preceding writer of Pastoral, that he appears to me most worthy of admiration.

It will be readily admitted, I conceive, that the general distaste for Pastoral Poetry amongst the moderns has been excited by the monotony of its descriptions, and by the vapid uniformity of its characters, and that this want of variety has been the consequence of a close adherence to rules deducible from the writings of the great master in this art. Though the characters of Theocritus are beautifully simple, and his rural descriptions full of life and vigour, though the delight with which we read his Idylls when at school is not abated in our riper years, we shall nevertheless be obliged to acknowledge that their charm is to be attributed more to the intrinsic and unalterable beauty of nature which he describes, than to any traits of design or contrivance of incident. No one, however fond of his Pastorals, will deny that they would have been far more pleasing had they included more touches of human passion, and its operation on objects within the sphere of the country. "The various adventures which give occasion to those engaged in rural life to display their

disposition or temper, scenes of domestic felicity or disquiet, the attachment of friends and of brothers, the rivalship and competition of lovers, the unexpected successes or misfortunes of families might give birth to many a pleasing and tender incident, and were more of the narrative and sentimental intermixed with the descriptive in this kind of Poetry, it would become much more interesting than it now generally is to the bulk of readers."*

It is not in reading the Sicilian Bard that these ideal improvements present themselves to the mind (for we owe him too much to be allowed to call him to account), they are suggested by a perusal of succeeding writers of Pastoral, whose Poems are so lamentably deficient in story and interest, notwithstanding the sources open to them for enriching their subject. The Shepherd's Calendar of Spenser has many admirers, amongst those especially who lay great stress on what is called the dialect of Pastoral, for they think that the language of his age bears some analogy to the Doric of Theocritus. It is certainly admirable for the dexterity with which brief moral

* Dr. Blair.

sentiments and proverbs are interwoven with the dialogue, but it seems withal to bear few traces of that fancy which so delights and surprises us in the Faëry Queen; moreover the gentle spirit of the Pastoral Muse is surely perverted when it is made the vehicle of invective and the echo of religious animosities. Milton, has left us but few pieces in the style of Pastoral, but they indeed are marked by the same commanding genius which characterizes his great Poem, and possess at the same time so much sweetness and facility of diction, that I question whether they may not be said to constitute the most delightful part of his Poetry. The Comus, the Arcades, and the Lycidas, are not less remarkable for the peculiar charm of their language than for the judgment with which the Poet has appropriated to his subject all the beauties of the Doric and Mountain Shepherds.

Pope has deservedly incurred that censure which was long since passed upon Virgil as a copyist, and that in a far greater degree—his numbers, though exquisitely harmonious, his turn of thinking, however elegant and appositely expressed, will never make amends for the tameness of his Shepherds, the want of originality in their attitudes, and the common-

place scenery that surrounds them. Philips has one Pastoral which cannot fail to please, as well on account of the pathetic simplicity of the story on which it is founded, as by the natural and easy style in which it is related—I mean the Nightingale of Strada—But the greater part are so entirely filled with the complaints of lovers, that they cannot fail to tire the reader by their uniformity. It is one amongst the many beauties of Gessner which will be noticed hereafter, that the subjects of his Idylls are for the most part as cheerful as the scenery in which his actors are placed, and that they contain very few of those whining soliloquies which pervade the generality of Pastorals.

Of all our own writers, Collins appears to have carried this kind of Poetry to the greatest perfection. In his Oriental Eclogues it is not only the novelty of the scene which excites our interest, but the charming sensibility which animates the language of his Dialogue, and the propriety of the moral which appends to each. We have to regret, notwithstanding, that the difficulties which necessarily adhere to such a theatre of action as he chose for his Shepherds, repressed in some instances the vigour of

his genius, and rendered difficult that minuteness and accuracy of detail which form the chief basis of interest in local description.

To say that all the foregoing desiderata are supplied by the happy fertility of Gessner's muse, might perhaps appear the language of unwarranted panegyric; but, that he has enlarged the province of Pastoral Poetry beyond any of his predecessors, and adorned it with a multitude of beauties unknown before his time, will, I think, be universally admitted. But lest the partiality of a translator should be imputed to me, I shall beg leave to recur to the authority of the ingenious critic above cited, who, although acquainted with the German Idylls only through the medium of an English version* of no great merit, did not hesitate to exempt them altogether from the application of his general animadversions, and to declare that they fully realized all the ideas which had occurred to him for the improvement of this species of Poetry.

“ Of all the moderns, Gessner of Switzerland has been the most successful in his Pastoral composi-

* Edited under his inspection—first published in 1776, by Dr. Hooper.

tions. He has introduced into his Idylls* (as he entitles them) many new ideas, his rural scenery is often striking, and his descriptions are lively. He presents pastoral life to us with all the embellishments of which it is susceptible, but without any excess of refinement: what forms the chief merit of this Poet is, that he writes to the heart, and has enriched the subjects of his Idylls with incidents which give rise to much tender sentiment. Scenes of domestic felicity are beautifully painted. The mutual affection of husbands and wives, of parents and children, of brothers and sisters as well as of lovers, are displayed in a pleasing and touching manner." †

It is, no doubt, more owing to the partiality avowed by Gessner himself for Theocritus, and to the circumstance of having named his Poems after the same manner, that they are so often compared, than to any manifest features of resemblance between

* The word εἰδυλλιον, which has no definite signification, has been considered by some as a corruption of Επυλλιον, which is not more significant, and except by force of association has no right to imply more than the word Εκλογη.

† Lecture 39, vol. 3.

them. The tenderness of Gessner, and the elegance of his diction, remind us more frequently of Bion and Moschus than of the Bard of Sicily. " Sa Muse est une Bergère modeste, innocente et pleine d'attraits. Rien n'égale la fraîcheur et la délicatesse de ses Idylles. Il a porté ce genre au plus haut degré de perfection. Plus varié, que Theocritus, plus sensible que Sanazar Gessner y a donné les traits les plus attachans à l'amour pur, au respect filial et à la reconnoissance.*" Born in a country calculated beyond all others to inspire man with a taste for the charms of nature, Gessner was from infancy her most passionate admirer, and employed both his pencil and his pen in copying her most engaging attitudes. He did not, with the fastidious spirit of Salvator Rosa slight her ordinary attractions, or shun the dwellings of mankind to explore her solitary grandeur in unfrequented wilds. The sensibility of his heart delighted in her daily vicissitudes, her obvious and smiling aspect, and cheerful scenes which it gave him pleasure to contemplate, his fancy loved

* See Histoire abrégée des Hommes célèbres, edit. Lyons, 1804.

to people with a race of beings entertaining sentiments congenial to his own.* Not satisfied with delineating only the visible phenomena of nature, he proceeded to trace the amiable effects of her unperverted influence on the peaceful employments of the country, and thereby was enabled to compose such captivating portraits of the social and domestic virtues.

The high estimation in which Gessner was held by the contemporary critics of Germany, is abundantly proved by the character given of his Idylls in the Reports of the Electoral Society of Manheim.† It is

* We cannot be surprised to find J. J. Rousseau expressing the delight he experienced in reading the works of an author of this character. He writes in the following manner, from Montmorency to Mr. Huber who had made a French translation of the Idylls: "Your Gessner is a man after my own heart; I received your letter, together with the Idylls, at a time when I was suffering from a paroxysm of very acute pain. After I had read them once over, I opened the volume carelessly, with the intention of closing it immediately, but it so happened that I did not, until I had gone through every one of the Idylls a second time; and I then only laid the volume aside with intent to resume the perusal of it the first opportunity."

† Vol. v.

somewhat elaborately written, but has at the same time so much of truth and discrimination, that I shall make no apology to the reader for inserting it at full length in this place.

“ Gessner has created for himself his own peculiar world of Shepherds, and peopled it with the most amiable and happy children of the golden age. They are the genuine offspring of his own imagination, in the delineation of whose characters he has indulged all the virtuous and tender feelings of his heart, so that in truth they are more visionary than real beings. We hardly venture to claim fraternity with his Shepherds, and the kiss of his Shepherdesses seems almost too holy for the lips of mortals. The Swains of Theocritus are more passionate and their inclinations somewhat less refined: Their innocence is the simplicity of nature's children in the first ages of the world, antecedent to either corruption or cultivation. As their wantonness is without vice, and their faults free from dissimulation, they never fail to excite interest, nor entirely lose our favour even when they sin against that moral sensibility which belongs to the age in which we live. The Shepherds of Gessner, on the other hand, are beings of a superior cast, they

possess indeed the simplicity of the earliest ages, but accompanied with the feelings of improved humanity. The nobleness of their nature is untaught, and the delicacy of their sentiments innate, while the regularity of their desires maintains a becoming uniformity with both.

“ His shepherd-world is situated under a most delicious climate, glowing with the most brilliant colours, illuminated by never-failing suns, and moons of unclouded lustre, and its inhabitants appear to merit the peculiar blessings of their situation.

“ *Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera nôrunt.*”

6 *Æneid.*

Their love is pure and spotless as their sky, and their thoughts are tranquil as the fountain-water collected in a marble reservoir. To do good, is their daily occupation, and the beauty of nature, the praise of the Deity, filial affection, and every gentle virtue form the subjects of their song.—The wildest satyr of Gessner's creation is better disciplined than the Shepherds of Theocritus.”

“ It is to be confessed, that all these creatures of his imagination are uniformly stamped with the same

impression, and that individual features of character are not distinctly expressed. Their dispassionate tranquillity is not always reconcilable to a diversity of habits, and the similarity of their emotions tempts us to imagine that we have often the same personages before us only in different situations. Under these circumstances we might generally expect to find a tedious repetition and monotony of description, but Gessner has most skilfully avoided this defect: what perpetual change of scenery, what a variety of situations, what manifold shades of virtue, sympathy and affection has he contrived to represent! From the innocence of childhood, the fire of youth, the vigour of manhood, or the sobriety of age, each passion derives its distinct and appropriate colouring; how inexhaustible his store of images, how diversified his points of view, how copious his turns of thought, and how fresh and lively is the impression stamped upon every recurring sentiment!

“Whoever is acquainted with Gessner as a painter, and has attentively studied his performances in this art, must have had occasion to make the same observation. Nothing can be more excellent than his designs. Woods, Temples, Antique Monuments, Cliffs

and Cataracts, Bathing Nymphs, the dances of young Fawns and Shepherd-Boys form the most delightful pictures. All are characterized by the same spirit, but all have their peculiar attitudes and separate points of view. The same genius breathes in all, but that genius never borrows from itself. He only who has the talent so to manage his compositions, will, like Gessner, be loved and admired by every nation and in every age.

“ No writer of the pathetic more successfully commands our tears, or appeals more directly to the tenderest feelings of our nature; and yet with all this softness and delicacy, no writer ever possessed more stedfast penetration or a more masculine understanding. The gracefulness of his Poetry is like the unstudied ornament of a Shepherd-Maid.—His Naïveté is like her blush on receiving the first kiss of her lover.

“ Theocritus and Gessner* are both great, both un-

* Few in discussing the poetical excellence of Theocritus and Gessner, have found that standard by which the merits of either may be duly appreciated. Both may be excellent notwithstanding the marked difference between them. “ The strain of Theocritus (as a modern critic well observes) is like

rivalled in their respective walks.—To which soever of the two, precedency shall be given depends on the character of the judge appointed to decide upon their merits. If the appeal were made to Pan, he would without doubt bestow on Theocritus his crown of Pine—but if Apollo were appointed umpire, he would unquestionably decree to Gessner a wreath of roses gathered in the morning-dew.”*

Notwithstanding these numerous claims of Gessner to admiration, I am aware that there are some whom he will not please, on account of his very beauties. For if there are many who carry their love of polish to excess, there are not wanting others who have a sort of prejudice against refinement of any kind, to whom elegance is offensive, and whose love

the tone of the fife, while that of Gessner resembles the magic sound of the flute, which steals into the deepest recesses of the soul.” It would be as unreasonable to expect from the flute the shrill tones of the fife, as that the fife should produce the soft melody of the flute.—HÖTTINGER.

* See the 5th volume of the Publications made by the Electoral German Society at Manheim—and Höttinger's *Life of Gessner*. Edit. Zurich, 1794.

of rusticity is even so sensitive as to be dismayed at the very appearance of ornament. These are critics who think, that nature is to be represented not only in primæval nakedness, but in primæval language also, and that a work which professes to treat of the country, should be composed in a style adapted only to countrymen. But if Gessner is destined to want the suffrages of these critics, he may repose on the authority of no mean judges both of the ancient and modern school, who have uniformly allowed it to be the province of taste to select, reject, and combine. Though the writer of *Pastoral* be not authorized to pervert or to misrepresent nature, he is surely right if he suppresses what is mean or disgusting in rural objects, and brings forward only such as are agreeable. "It is indeed commonly affirmed (says the *Guardian*) that truth well painted will certainly please the imagination, but it is sometimes convenient not to discover the whole truth, but that part only which is delightful."*

Of the manner in which this translation has been executed, and of the selection which it has been thought proper to make, some account may be given

* No. 22.

at the same time, because the one has been the consequence of the other; and if the attempt to convey the beauties of Gessner in rhyme has not been injudicious, the discretion exercised in rendering such only as appeared best adapted to this purpose, will not perhaps be censured.

It is obvious to every one that a rich vein of poetical thought and of poetical diction pervades these Idylls, but it is not perhaps equally obvious that rhyme and measure are necessary to convey those beauties. It is not therefore agreeably to any opinion of the importance of these accessaries to *Original* Poetry that I have taken upon me to versify Gessner, but because I question whether any *Translated* Poetry will retain its correspondent effect through the medium of a foreign language, without the aid of artificial composition,* which custom has

* It would seem, from the ill success attending most modern writers of Blank Verse, that they are either very unskilful artists, or that public taste is altogether become so corrupt, that it cannot be imitated without the stimulus of rhyme and metrical music. For my own part, I cannot forbear thinking that their failure is in great measure their own fault. In their haste to liberate themselves from the shackles of rhyme (as

associated to the expression of poetical thought ; especially where the structure of the original is such

they are called) they not unfrequently run into such a disorderly luxuriance and contempt of compact arrangement, that any one who hears read an extract from their works, instead of being struck by a concentrated expression of poetical thought, requires the satisfaction of ocular perusal to convince him that the sentences are absolutely divisible into the legitimate quantity of heroic feet. Now whatever may be the vicious restraint of Rhyme, it possesses at least this salutary power: it precludes an excessive diffusion of the sense, and where the terminal words are, for the most part (as they should be) the most significant, the ear applauds at the same time with the unstaidernding, and the impression is thereby doubled. Blank Verse will be able to command this effect in a proportionate degree, whenever, without any violent or affected disarrangement of Syntax, its periods are so far artificially disposed as that the reader is compelled to pause upon words of the greatest import, and enjoying, as it does, the privilege of distributing these periods in any part of the line and of varying them at pleasure, it becomes eminently capable of harmony and spirit of numbers. A reference of these remarks to any favourite passage in Milton will, I apprehend, justify their application ; and again a comparison of Milton's periods in his most finished lines, with those of his great masters, Homer and Virgil, will tend to show that he was by no means inattentive to the

that many phrases and sentences are addressed to the ear as well as the understanding, a compound impression which it is hardly possible to identify by a literal interpretation. Moreover the language of Pastoral appears to suffer less violence than any other by being thus rendered, music and measure having been among early Poets the ordinary vehicle of the Bucolic Dialogue, so that in fact it is Gessner himself who seems to have deviated from primitive usage by making his Shepherds talk in Prose. I will add moreover, that the manifest conformity of many sentences in the original with the English heroic measure, naturally suggests the idea of a metrical version, and greatly facilitates its execution. One passage from the Dedication may be sufficient to show this:

——— und kränzt ihr fliegend haar
Wenn sie von Liebe singt und frohem scherz.

beauties of the Greek and Roman Hexameter, and that he has introduced them into our own Poetry with success. The admired similé of the Nightingale in the 4th Georgic is scarcely more distinguishable for the charming variety and significant arrangement of its periods, than some parts of the Paradise Lost, and of Comus.

To say more in this place would be to introduce the slender collection now offered to the public with a parade unbecoming its insignificance. I will only take leave to add, that the same pleasure, which Gessner declares himself to have felt in first tracing these happy scenes of Pastoral antiquity, I have derived from the contemplation of them through the medium of his works, and this sentiment will, I hope, apologize for the ambitious attempt to copy him. If however my imperfect imitation should have the power of communicating to others unacquainted with the original language any portion of this same enjoyment, I shall have no reason to regret the undertaking, being satisfied that whoever contributes, though but in a subordinate degree, to store the mind with pacific images, or to furnish it with food for agreeable meditation, deserves well of that society in which he lives.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The following Idylls are the production of some of the happiest moments of my life—for a tranquil mind can never be more agreeably amused than when it is detached from the contemplation of our ordinary habits, and transported by the imagination into the golden ages of Antiquity. All images of peace and of uninterrupted happiness must of necessity convey pleasure to generous and sensible minds, and those pictures copied by the poets from a state of uncorrupted nature are by so much the more pleasing as they not unfrequently remind us of some of the happiest periods of our own existence. How often do I break forth from the city to indulge in the wild solitude of the country! there the beauty of nature at once banishes from my mind every sentiment of disgust and every painful impression which had haunted me before; absorbed in rapturous contemplation of the

charms which surround me on all sides, I feel happy as a Shepherd of the Golden Age, and look down upon the wealth of monarchs.

It is in the bosom of all that is beautiful in Rural Landscape that the scene of the Eclogue is placed. This scene it peoples with a race of inhabitants worthy of their situation, who conduct themselves under every vicissitude of fortune with a simplicity of manners, habits and inclinations perfectly conformable to nature. They are under no slavish subjugation to those artificial restraints of society, or to those wants which an unfortunate departure from nature alone has introduced. Blest with all that is necessary for their happiness in the possession of an unperverted heart and understanding which they derive immediately from the hands of their beneficent Parent, they dwell in regions where little aid is required to satisfy most amply their unambitious wishes. In a word the Eclogue presents to us the picture of a golden age which certainly at one time existed, as is sufficiently evident from the history of the Patriarchs ; and the simplicity of Primæval manners as described by Homer seems, even in warlike times, to bear some

traces of it. This species of Poetry derives a particular advantage from placing its scenes in remote ages of the world, which thereby maintain a greater degree of probability. They accord but little with our times when the landholder is compelled to surrender to his Prince or to the Government the produce of reluctant labour, and when poverty and oppression have rendered him base, crafty, and uncourteous in his manners. I do not therefore assert that a writer now attempting Pastoral Poetry may not discover many eminent beauties in contemplating the manners and mode of thinking of Peasants, but at the same time he must select his instances with discretion and with taste, and be careful, that while he softens down their asperity; he does not obliterate their authentic character.

I have always conceived Theocritus to be the best master in Poetry of this kind. In him we find simplicity of character and sentiment delineated in the greatest perfection as well as the genuine and unaltered graces of nature, with the minutest circumstances of which he was well acquainted. In his Idylls we have more than lilies

and roses. The Pictures of Theocritus are not the creatures of an ordinary imagination, combining a number of such common circumstances as are obvious to inattentive observers. They have all the graceful consistency of nature, after whose model they appear to have been uniformly designed. He has given to the character of his shepherds the highest touches of simple innocence, their language is the offspring of their sensations, their heart is as it were on their lips, at the same time that every grace of Poetry is employed to embellish their inartificial occupations. Their Dialogue does not aim at any Point or Epigram, and is free from all pedantic regularity. Theocritus understood that very difficult art of introducing into the Songs of his Shepherds such a captivating negligence as properly belongs to the Infancy of Poetry. He knew how to breathe into their numbers that air of gentleness and innocence by which they must have been distinguished at a time when the fancy derived its animation from the genuine warmth of an unsophisticated heart, and overflowed with agreeable images. It is true that the genius of his own age which had departed less widely

from primitive simplicity, and the respect which Agriculture still continued to command, in some degree lightened the difficulty of his undertaking. The refinement of wit was not yet in vogue; sensibility and a taste for real beauty were far more generally prevalent.

It appears to me that Theocritus is excellent in his art for this reason, that he pleases only a few. He certainly will not find favour with those who are not alive to the most minute detail of natural description, nor with those, whose feelings are under the controul of art, nor with the greater part of readers who admire a style of affected gallantry. To such the plainness of rural manners is offensive, and to flatter their taste Shepherds must be made to think with all the ingenious refinements of a poet, and reduce their sensations to a sort of system. I know not whether modern writers are become too fastidious to seek an intimate acquaintance with nature and the emotions peculiar to a state of innocence, or whether it is in compliance with our degenerate habits to obtain a more extensive popularity, that they have departed so widely from Theocritus. For myself I must declare that

I have been ruled altogether by this illustrious model, and I shall consider it as some assurance that my imitation has not been unsuccessful, if like him, I happen to displease critics of this cast. True it is, I am aware that some few expressions and images in Theocritus appear to us inelegant in consequence of the alteration which our manners have undergone since his time, and such expressions and images I have been careful to avoid. I do not here mean such as a French Translator could not endure in Virgil; I allude to those which Virgil himself, the imitator of Theocritus, thought proper to omit.

DEDICATION.

OF blood-stain'd chiefs and hardy deeds to tell,
The song of battle in loud strains to swell,
My muse attempts not : from tumultuous strife
Fearful she flies, and courts the Shepherd's life ;
To silent haunts her modest steps recede,
Peace her desire, her pride the sylvan reed.

Lured by the sound of prattling rills that creep
Thro' darksome woods where moonbeams never peep,
By sedgy banks o'er flow'ry turf she roves,
By solitary shade of solemn groves ;
There on her grassy couch supinely laid
She frames the pastoral song for Thee, sweet maid,
Eliza ! 'tis for thee she loves to sing,
Fair spirit, cloudless as the morn of spring ;
Mirth animates thy smile, thy ruddy cheek
And sparkling eye, of youth and pleasure speak,

And since that eye my chaste affection owns,
Joy all the present, all the future crowns.

O may thine ear approve these simple strains,
Learn'd without labour of unletter'd swains,
For oft the rural muse delights to dwell
With Fawns and Dryads and their sports to tell,
With sedge-crown'd Naiads in cool Grots to lie,
Listening their light aërial harmony ;
Oft glides beneath the peasant's moss-clad roof
Bosom'd in trees, thence many a simple proof
Of worth, of innocence and peace derives,
Marking what virtues grace their silent lives.

Oft where wild woods some rippling brook conceal
On love's still solitude her steps will steal,
The god with gladness plumes his golden wing
To hear the Muse of love's enchantment sing,
And while her reed the rapturous music pours,
Braids her light tresses with Ambrosial flowers.

If haply fram'd to subjects such as these
My song Eliza's critic ear may please,

The smile of fondness in her eye that plays
Shall crown my hopes—I ask no other praise.
Less happy bards with such a love unblest'd
Their fame on dim futurity may rest ;
Be it their pride that flowers adorn their grave,
That stately shrubs above their ashes wave,
Mine be the meed which present warmth inspires,
The love of her whom most my soul desires.

SELECT IDYLLS.

THE AUTUMNAL MORNING.

Argument.

The Herdsman Mycon, contemplating from his Cottage the beautiful effects of a sun-rise in Autumn upon a Country of mountains and vineyards, breaks out into a Song expressive of his gratitude for the bounties of nature, and for the blessings of a virtuous and contented mind.

THE AUTUMNAL MORNING.

ABOVE the mountain peep'd the morning ray,
And gave bright promise of a cloudless day,
When Mycon from his cottage casements' height
Gazed on the east, and bless'd the glorious sight.
O'er every vine of gold and purple hue
The sun its animating lustre threw ;
And every curling branch, whose friendly shade
Waved o'er his cot, beneath the zephyr play'd.
Clear was the sky, o'er all the valley's bed
The low-land vapours like a lake were spread ;
Amidst whose floating surface lightly rear'd
The mountain tops, like little isles appear'd ;
Where smoaking huts and fruitful groves were seen
In autumn's richest vest of gold and green.
Nor wanted pleasant sounds his sense to soothe
Of lowing herds and songs of shepherd youth ;
And chaunt of birds, now flitting to and fro,
Now plunging in the misty vale below.

Long time in fix'd delight the shepherd stood,
Long time the scene with silent rapture view'd ;
Then seized his Lyre, and to the rising day
Thus from his bosom pour'd the grateful lay :

“ Grant me kind Gods in worthy strains to sing,
The gracious gifts that from your bounty spring ;
Now all the earth in bright profusion shines ;
Throned amidst yellow sheaves and blushing vines
The jocund fulness of the season laughs,
And man the blessings of abundance quaffs.
O'er every spot autumnal beauty reigns,
With joy the mountains ring, with joy the plains.

“ How blest is he whom conscious virtue warms,
Whose heart no passions rouze, no vice deforms !
Glad with the gifts kind Heaven to man allows,
Who all the good he can, on all bestows.
To him the morn to him the day is bliss,—
The soundest slumbers of the night are his,
The changeful year but change of rapture gives,
He finds a joy in every thing that lives.

“ But doubly blest is he, who can divide
His heart's best transports with a lovely bride,
Like thee, dear object of my plighted vows,
Whom every virtue, every grace endows.

Since first I wooed thee to the nuptial bower
Daphne! thy love has sweeten'd every hour.
Our lives, like two soft flutes of equal frame,
Their airs, their measures, and their notes the same,
No sounds untrue their harmony destroy,
And all who hear their music thrill with joy.
Ne'er did my heart a secret wish disclose
That thy fond love fulfill'd not as it rose;
Ne'er did my heart with blissful ardour beat
But thy glad feeling made the bliss more sweet.
Grief flies the circle of thy loved embrace
As clouds of summer to the sun give place;
Since thou art mine, the gods of peace and love
Have fix'd their temple here, no more to rove:
Order and neatness smile, and each design
Prosper, as blest of Heaven, since thou art mine.

Since Daphne first to Mycon's bower was led
Content and peace have blest his humble shed.

“ From thee all good a twofold charm derives,
My crops increase, my flock more fairly thrives,
Blest is my daily toil, and doubly blest
At day's decline the moments when I rest;
For then how lovely are thy cares, how dear
Each fond device my weariness to cheer.

Spring, summer, autumn, now delight me more,
And winter now has brighter joys in store.
When wildly roars without the twilight storm,
Within, my little cot with love is warm ;
And while thy side is fondly press'd to mine
And on thy cheek the blazing embers shine,
Though raging winds against my casements blow,
And all the world be one wide waste of snow,
Possessing thee, I feel no wandering thought,
Feel that without thee all the world were nought.

Since Daphne first to Mycon's bow'r was led
Content and peace have blest his humble shed.

“ Ye dear first pledges of our fond embrace,
Sweet smiles! where Daphne's growing charms I trace ;
Source of my hopes, my children! as I gaze,
What transports to my soul your sight conveys.
'Twas Daphne taught those lips their first caress,
'Twas Daphne taught those lips their sire to bless ;
What health and joy your blooming cheeks display!
Your infant sports, how innocently gay !
Live still the pride of Daphne's youth and mine,
Live and your smiles shall cheer our life's decline.
O when at close of day to this loved home
Tired with the labours of the field I come;

How swells my bosom at those jocund cries
Of infant mirth that from my threshold rise!
How sweet your little strife to lisp my name
Or climb my knees, some promised treat to claim,
Perchance of honied cates, or savoury fruit,
Or tools, that childhood's mimic toils might suit:
(Such toys your parents' busy hands design
At noontide while he tends the wandering kine)
O, then, with rapture kindling at the sight,
To your loved arms I rush, my soul's delight!
When soon thy kisses from my cheek dispel
Those tears which for parental fondness fell.

Since Daphne first to Mycon's bower was led
Content and peace have blest his humble shed."

'Twas thus the swain his grateful spirit cheer'd,
When lo! his love, his Daphne's self, appear'd!
Fresh was her cheek and fair, that to the view
Like morning shone, suffused with softest dew.
On either arm a blooming babe she held,
And tears of transport on her eye-lid swell'd:
" O much-loved Mycon (Daphne said and sighed)
Attest my soul's high transport, share its pride;
Look on thy babes and me—our throbbing hearts
Would thank thee for the bliss thy love imparts."

Ere yet her speech she ended, to his breast
The blushing group enamour'd Mycon press'd.
Silence, surpassing every power of speech
Declared the secret charm that soften'd each ;
And he, whoe'er had seen them as they strove
Embracing and embraced in purest love,
Had felt this truth upon his heart impress'd :
The truly virtuous are the truly blest.

THE SERENADE.

Argument.

The Shepherd Daphnis approaches the Cottage of his favourite Shepherdess by moonlight, and perceiving her chamber window to be half open addresses to her a Song full of tender and romantic wishes.

THE SERENADE.

THE night was still ; with weary eyelids closed
The village hinds and village herds reposed,
Daphnis alone, whom sleep could not controul,
Daphnis, to Chloe's peaceful cottage stole.
The stars were set in all the expanse above,
And the moon glanced thro' every dusky grove ;
Mute were the murmurs of the toilsome day,
Hush'd every sound, extinguish'd every ray,
Save where the moonlight on the waters play'd
Or glow-worm sparkled in the lonely shade.
There sat the youth by tenderest passion moved,
Gazed on the roof that shelter'd all he loved,
While thro' the unclos'd lattice whispering stray'd
The breeze of night, and fann'd the sleeping maid,
Then in soft voice which spoke a lover's pain,
thus on the silence breathed his soothing strain :

“ Dear maid ! may slumber soft as matin dew,
With balm beneficent thy charms renew !
Sleep on, and may thy limbs as lightly rest
As dew-drops that impearl the lily’s crest,
Ere western gales its slender blossom shake ;¹
For why should innocence at midnight wake ?
Save when the sense is cheated by a train
Of fairy visions which enchant the brain.
Fly then, fair dream, upon the moonbeam glide,
Fly—and to favourite scenes her fancy guide !
Lead her to plains of brightest, freshest green,
Where none but flocks of purest white are seen ;
Then waft such heavenly music as might suit
Pan’s sprightly reed, or great Apollo’s lute.

“ Now let her seem her lovely limbs to lave
In some cool fountain’s myrtle-shaded wave,
Where none with truant eyes her sport survey,
Save harmless birds who chaunt their softest lay.
Now let her seem to join the jocund train
Of graces on the flower-enamel’d plain :
They as a sister greet the lovely maid,
Striving her locks with scented wreaths to braid ;
The lovely maid their rival toil repays,
And weaves for each a crown of sweetest sprays.

“ Now may her steps thro’ shadowy groves be led
Whose boughs around balsamic odours spread ;
Where’er her glances turn, where’er she roves
Let her be lacquey’d * by a thousand loves ;
Let them like summer bees in clusters swarm,
And playful service in her sight perform.
Ten, with a blooming apple’s weight contend
And ten, beneath a vine’s ripe cluster bend,
Or nestling in the violets’ glossy bell
Ten urchins thence its choicest sweets expel.
There in the bosom of some dark retreat
The god himself this beauteous guest shall meet,
Spoil’d of those arms which fright the timid fair,
A mild and moving aspect let him wear.
There too all pensive shall my form be seen,
As oft I stand with melancholy mien,
And tell, with broken sighs and blushing cheek,
That pain which Daphnis would, but dares not speak.
“ O couldst thou, dream, one tender thought inspire,
One blush of joy, one sigh of soft desire,

* A thousand liveried angels *lacquey* her.”

Couldst thou to Chloe's eye this form portray,
Clothed in the radiance of the god of day!
Or teach my song, than Philomel's more sweet,
To breathe resistless sorrows at her feet!—
Couldst thou my heart with matchless worth improve,
Then might I haply merit Chloe's love."

So sang the swain; and as he closed the lay
Back to his cabin traced his moonlight way.
All night glad visions sweetened his repose,
And hope his dreams inspired till morning rose.
Then forth his flock to early pasture drove
Along the upland path where dwelt his love,
The tardy flock dispersing, as it went
Stray'd on each side and brows'd the green ascent.
"Feed on, my lambs (the impassion'd shepherd cries),
No sweeter food this mountain slope supplies;
Here Chloe's looks each tender blade revive,
And fairest flowers beneath her footsteps thrive."

As thus he spoke, in all her charms array'd,
Forth from her lattice look'd the much-loved maid.
The beams of morn play'd lightly on her face,
Burnish'd her locks and brighten'd every grace.
Fondly the shepherd gazed—her laughing eye
And deepening blushes to his gaze reply;

And still, as onward by her cot he pass'd,
With lingering step, and look behind him cast,
Her following glances told the favour'd swain
His midnight vows had not been breathed in vain.

THE NOSEGAY.

Argument.

A Shepherd describes the violence of the Passion which he has conceived for the Young Ida, whose Nosegay, falling from her bosom into a Brook where she was washing her face, was floated down to him by the current.

THE NOSEGAY.

'Twas she—'twas Ida to the covert stray'd—
Would that I ne'er had seen the beauteous maid!
In fancy still her heavenly form I trace,
So lovely never seen, so full of grace.

Beneath a darkling willow stretch'd I lay,
What time the noontide pour'd its fiercest ray,
Breathing cool airs beside a brook that flow'd
With murmuring lapse along its pebbly road.
High waving shades o'er-canopied my head,
And o'er the bank and o'er the brook were spread;
A spot so tranquil seem'd for peace design'd—
But since that hour, alas! no peace I find.
'Twas then the rustling leaves a step betray'd,
And Ida softly glided through the shade.
Uplifting her light robe of azure hue,
Her slender snowy feet she bared to view;
Then stepp'd into the brook; with neck inclined
She stoop'd to meet the wave; one hand confined

Her falling vest, with the other from the pool
 Pure draughts she raised her glowing cheek to cool.
 Anon she paus'd—and from her fingers drain'd
 The lingering lucid drops, till none remain'd;
 And when the settled waves a mirror made
 The conscious damsel smiled as she survey'd
 Her charms unalter'd in the stream portray'd.

Then trimm'd her golden tresses that were twined
 With studious art in one smooth knot behind.

“ Ah then (I sigh'd) what means that bright attire,
 What inward thoughts such wanton bliss inspire;
 What favour'd youth is he, for whom she sees
 Laughing those charms so confident to please?”

While Ida thus of matchless beauty proud
 O'er the smooth lake her milk-white bosom bow'd,
 It chanc'd the wild-flowers which but lately graced
 That milk-white bosom, carelessly displaced,
 Dropp'd in the brook, and soon th' auspicious wave
 Wafting, to me the precious trophy gave.
 Gods! with what joy the blooming pledge I bore,
 Kiss'd every tender flowret o'er and o'er,
 Nor had a teeming herd of fattest kine
 Bribed me, my fragrant fortune to resign.

But ah, since then scarce two brief days are flown,
Ere all their beauty fades, their scent is gone!
Alas, sad change—yet such a change is mine—
Like them my spirits droop, my hopes decline.
What boots it now that with a miser's hand
Secured, sweet flowers! within my cup ye stand,
(Proud cup, adjudg'd me by the shepherd throng
To crown the triumph of my spring-tide song.
There, aptly wrought with all the sculptor's power,
Lies Love, reposing in a wood-bine bower;
The god, with laughter lightening in his eyes,
Upon himself his arrowy mischief tries.
Near him, fit emblems of his gentle sway,
Two billing doves indulge their amorous play,)
Thrice every day refreshing draughts I bring,
To slake each thirsty stem, from clearest spring,
And every night, upon my window's brink,
Their closing bells ambrosial moisture drink.
In vain—upon their fading tints I bent
My stedfast gaze and caught their dying scent!
Once sweeter far than Maïa's sweetest bloom,
For Ida's bosom lent them rich perfume.
O Love, how dangerous is thine arrow found,
And I am doom'd to feel its deepest wound!

Oh may the beauteous maid be taught to share
But half the pangs which in my breast I bear—
Grant me this boon, propitious Deity,
And lo! this cup I consecrate to thee.
Upon an altar shall my offering rest,
And every morn with fragrant wreaths be dress'd.
Fresh flowers in summer shall the wreath compose,
And is it winter, still the myrtle blows.
Fair doves! may ye my future fate express,
Be ye the symbols of my love's success:—
Yet no—the flowers far other bodings give,
My hopes expire, for they refuse to live,
Sadly they droop, their closing cups are pale,
Their breath no longer feeds the passing gale!—
All-powerful Love be thou the shepherd's friend,
Let not these blighted flowers his blighted hope portend.

IRIS AND EGLE.

Argument.

Two Shepherdesses retire underneath the bank of a River, to avoid the heat of the Sun, and are invited by the solitude of the spot to indulge reciprocally in a confidential communication of their secrets.

IRIS AND EGLE.

IRIS.

EGLE, the sun, tho' past the noontide hour,
Still burns with slanting beam each languid flower,
Let us, the while, to yonder spring retreat;
Where gentle waves beneath the margin beat
And arching boughs a pleasant bower entwine.

EGLE.

Iris! advance, my steps shall follow thine;
Yet lower yet, a little onward lead,
For still luxuriant sprays my sight impede.

IRIS.

Fair limpid fount, how softly dost thou flow!
How clearly shines thy pebbly bed below!
Shall we not leave our garments here, and brave
Unclad the freshness of the chrystal wave?

EGLE.

But, should some stranger see——

IRIS.

Nay, tremble not,
 No pathway leads to this sequester'd spot.
 This fruitful tree, that from the bank above
 Bends o'er the stream, shall form a deep alcove,
 To shield us from each bold intruder's eye,
 Safe in its thick umbrageous canopy.
 At times alone some quivering branch receives
 The sunbeam, soon shut out by closing leaves.

EGLE.

IRIS, methinks I have a heart to dare
 Whatever pastime you consent to share.

The lovely pair (their robes beside them laid,)
 Tempt the cool spring, half-pleas'd and half-afraid;
 The ambient water mounting by degrees
 Now clasps in strict embrace their ivory knees,
 Now round their bodies white as mountain snows,
 In sportive eddies circulating flows.
 Amidst the dripping rocks a seat they chuse,
 And Iris first the parley thus renews:

IRIS.

Egle, my spirits are awake to joy—
Let us in song the vacant hour employ—

EGLE.

Song! simple maid wouldst thou by song betray
Our pastime to loose hinds who pass this way?

IRIS.

Speak softly then; some pleasant tale unfold;

EGLE.

What tale?

IRIS.

Some secret which thou ne'er hast told
Egle begin—and in succession meet
Myself a tale in answer will repeat.

EGLE.

'Tis true I could——

IRIS.

Then wherefore doubt, sweet maid?
Thou may'st believe me secret as this shade—

EGLE.

Learn then, as lately from the hills above
 Down to the sea-beat shore my flocks I drove—
 Thou know'st a cherry-tree that stands midway—
 But sure 'tis folly, Iris, to betray—

IRIS.

Dismiss thy doubts, for I with faith not less
 My heart's most hidden secrets will confess.

EGLE.

As down the sloping path I pass'd alone,
 Some voice I heard which sang in sweetest tone;
 Fearful yet pleas'd I stopp'd and gazed around,
 Yet saw no author of the tuneful sound.
 Now, as I went, less distant seem'd the lay,
 And now 'twas past and softly died away,
 Then was that fruitful tree not far remote
 From whose thick boughs the music seem'd to float.
 Yet, Iris, by my life I dare not tell
 The honied words which from this songster fell.

IRIS.

What should alarm thee? wilt thou not confide
 In these dark speechless shades, they will not chide; }
 Young maidens when they bathe should nothing hide. }

EGLE.

So then, unblushing must I speak my praise ;
(But shepherd youths, you know, have flattering ways)
“ O who is she ('twas thus began the strain)
“ Of slender form who lightly treads the plain?
“ Soft winds! who wanton with her golden hair,
“ And wave her floating robe the nymph declare;
“ Some goddess sure, or if a grace she be
“ Youngest and fairest sister of the three.
“ Lo! her light step beneath, where'er she treads
“ Sweet thyme and trefoil bow their blooming heads!
“ Poppies and blue-bells which the path-way line,
“ To kiss her lovely feet their stems incline.
“ Fair maid! each flowret that hath bent beneath
“ Thy gentle tread shall form a double wreath;
“ One, precious trophy, shall adorn my brow,
“ And one to love a sacrifice I vow.
“ See with what grace her darksome eye-balls roll!
“ Fair creature! let no fears alarm thy soul;
“ No robber bird am I of murderous bill,
“ Nor one whose grating accents threat thee ill;
“ Would that my song like Philomela's strain
“ With soft enchantment might thy steps detain!

- “ For sweeter is thy beauty to my sight
 “ Than spring-tide to the songstress of the night.
 “ Ah why so fast? ye piercing thorns beware,
 “ Avert your points, nor wound the passing fair—
 “ Yet might ye gently catch her fluttering vest
 “ And so the fleeting sylph short time arrest—
 “ Alas the gales that meet her, only play
 “ With her light robe— herself they cannot stay.
 “ Hear then my vow: this night, with duteous care
 “ The choicest berries, which these branches bear,
 “ Myself beneath thy window will suspend,
 “ What time the moonbeams on thy roof descend.
 “ Shouldst thou the simple offering not disdain,
 “ Behold me happiest of the shepherd train.
 “ Stay yet awhile sweet nymph, O stay thy flight,
 “ Soon will yon envious trees conceal thee quite;—
 “ Now—fade the foldings of thy soft array—
 “ And now—thy last, light shadow flits away.”

So sang the flatterer: onward as I past
 My eyes in silence on the ground were cast,
 Yet oft by stealth I rais'd them to the height
 Of that fair tree, whose boughs forbade my sight.
 And think'st thou, Iris, when the sun was low
 I slept forgetful of the songster's vow?

I saw beneath the moon a youthful hind
The promised basket to my lattice bind ;
And as I gazed, his comely shadow came
So near my maiden couch, I blush'd for shame.
But soon it pass'd away—I was not slow
To rouse me, for methought 'twas fit to know
If this a visitant of earth had been,
Or creature of the brain by fancy seen.
I went and found—such fair, such savoury store
Of fruit had never pass'd my lips before ;
Nor wanted lovely flowers of sweetest bloom
Myrtle and rose to lend the gift perfume.
Now wouldst thou fain the shepherd's name be told ?
Yet stay—that secret I must still withhold.

IRIS.

Sweet Egle, wherefore so mysterious grown ?
Think'st thou the sequel of thy tale unknown ?
What if my brother were this love-sick slave,
And mine the basket which to thee he gave !
Or say what means that blush whose roseate glow
Dies thy white breast and mantles in thy brow ?
Or why those timid glances sidelong bend ?
Hence with this vain reserve—embrace thy friend—

Swear by these folded arms henceforth to join
 In one sweet bond my brother's love and mine.

EGLE.

Thou canst not doubt my fond confiding heart
 When thus its inmost secrets I impart.

IRIS.

Well, be assured, dear Egle, thou in turn
 The deepest secret of my soul shalt learn :
 Thou know'st the rites to Pan by shepherds paid,
 Last moon my sire a public offering made ;
 What time the solemn festival to grace
 Menalcas and his son found welcome place.
 'Twas Daphnis—ah, who knows not Daphnis' skill,
 Whose breath so well the sylvan pipe can fill.
 He, while our swains th' Arcadian god adored,
 From two soft flutes such heavenly music pour'd
 He seem'd himself a god—his raiment white
 And golden locks like young Apollo's bright.
 And when the rites were done and all retired
 To close the festive day as mirth inspired ; —

But hark ! some footstep rustles in the brake !
Nearer and nearer still—

EGLE.

For Pity's sake,
Good nymphs protect us—Iris haste, begone,
Quick seize thy garments—we are lost—undone !
As gentle doves, by some fell bird of prey
Chased thro' mid air, affrighted wing their way ;
So on swift foot the breathless damsels fled,
Fearing to face the foe that caused their dread.
When lo a fawn unconscious sought the brink,
Lured by the freshness of the fount—to drink.—

NOCTURNAL ECLOGUE.

Argument.

Myrtil and Thyrsis retire to the top of a Mountain to pass the night in Song—Myrtil is induced by the offer of a Lamp of curious workmanship to relate the Story of Strephon and Sylvia.

NOCTURNAL ECLOGUE.

'Twas at the time cool night and silence reign'd
Myrtil the mountain's highest top had gain'd ;
Of barren shrubs a simple fire he made,
Whose blaze around illumed the dusky shade.
There, as alone he sat, his roving eye
Glanced o'er the level earth, and vaulted sky ;
The sky with multitude of stars was bright,
And earth reposed beneath the moonbeam's light.
Hush'd was the scene; when suddenly a sound
The stillness broke—the shepherd gazed around—
'Twas Thyrsis : “ Welcome, gentle swain (he cries),
Welcome to share the warmth this flame supplies.
But wherefore climb thy steps this mountain steep
Now while the landscape wide is lull'd to sleep?”

THYRSIS.

Good Myrtil! had I thought this beacon thine
Whose flames afar amidst the darkness shine ;

My steps ere this had left the plain below
To greet thee lingering on this lonely brow.
For much I love this cool and silent hour,
Myrtil; and much I love thy reed's sweet power,
The moon's pale lustre, solitude, and night
With soft persuasion rural lays invite.
Behold this lamp of form and beauty rare
Wrought by my father's hand with nicest care!
Pure clay and spotless for his work he chose
And lo! a serpent's twisted form it shows.
Thine eye on either side the wings may trace
And feet of just proportion form the base,
Its mouth expanded seems the flame to breathe,
Its tail's bright folds a tortuous handle wreath.
Tune thou to Sylvia's love thy tender lay,
Myrtil! this lamp thy numbers shall repay.

MYRTIL.

Shepherd draw near: thou shalt not pledge in vain
For night and silence suit the plaintive strain;
But while to Sylvia's love my song I frame,
Do thou meantime attentive feed the flame.

“Mourn, rugged rocks, in echoing sighs complain,
Ye woods and winding shores repeat the strain!”

Softly the moonbeam on the waters shone,
As Sylvia on the margin watch'd alone;
Her longing eyes were fondly strain'd to mark
Returning Strephon's long-expected bark.
" Why stays my love? (th' impatient damsel cried)
Waft him, ye winds, be still, tumultous tide!
(Sad Philomel meantime suppress'd her song
To hear the words drop softly from her tongue)
" Why stays my love? but hark! a distant sound—
Like dashing waves that from some vessel bound—
He comes—'tis he—Ah no, the sound expires,
Th' un pitying waves but mock my fond desires,
Where art thou? say, what stays thy lingering feet,
Are they not swift thy Sylvia's love to meet?
If yet thy steps thro' tangled forests stray
O may no piercing thorns perplex thy way;
Nor wily snake from rushing covert steal
To wound with keen assault thy passing heel.
Chaste queen of night lend, lend thy placid beam,
Light the lost wanderer to this desert stream!
What joy to think, that, every peril past,
These arms shall fold the cherish'd youth at last.
Hark yet again! 'tis he—delude me not,
Ye waves! O waft him gently to this spot—

Nymphs, if ye ever felt that warm desire
 That fond solicitude love's hopes inspire,
 O hear, propitious Naiads, hear my vow——
 'Tis heard—my Strephon comes, I see him now;
 Welcome, thrice welcome to these arms, my love!
 Ah me, thou answerest not—ye powers above
 What sight is this?—and down the maiden sank
 Speechless and faint upon the river's bank.

— Mourn, rugged rocks, in echoing sighs complain,
 — Ye woods and winding shores repeat the strain!

Upon a bark o'erturn'd the moonbeam pale
 Glancing, to Sylvia told the woeful tale—
 Prone, in a trance of grief she press'd the ground—
 Her senses fled—deep silence reign'd around—
 The moon her radiance from the clouds withdrew,
 And bitterly by fits the night-wind blew;
 Loud sighs her bosom's agony confess'd,
 Anon she rose, and madly beat her breast,
 And tore her beauteous locks, and shrieking cried:
 “ (While mournful echoes to her shrieks replied)
 Wretch that I am! why stay my steps alone
 When all my dearest hopes and joys are gone?
 O Strephon, Strephon! Nymphs whom nought can move!
 Relentless waves that bury my heart's love!

Take, take my life, who took my life's sole bliss"—

She spoke and plunged into the dark abyss:

Mourn, rugged rocks, in echoing sighs complain,

Ye woods and winding shores repeat the strain!

But now kind Nymphs th' obedient surges bade

To waft upon their backs th' unhappy maid,

“Unpitying waves (again she madly cried)

Spare not a wretch, be swift, destructive tide.”

In vain: the tide its lovely burthen bore

Safe to a little island's neighbouring shore.

There too her much-loved swain securely stood,

Whose buoyant arms had row'd him thro' the flood.

But how shall eloquence of song declare

The first fond transports of the rescued pair?

So the sweet bird of night on buxom wings

Freed by the fowler from her prison springs,

Whose mate meantime his mournful watch had kept

On some tree-top alone, nor sung, nor slept,

But all night long had sigh'd a plaintive strain—

So flies the captive to her mate again;

With fluttering pinion clasps her feather'd love,

And notes of gladness charm the midnight grove.

No more, ye rocks in echoing sighs complain,
Ye woods no more repeat the mournful strain;
And Thyrsis thou, thy well-wrought lamp resign,
The meed of song by merit earn'd is mine.

ESCHINES AND MENALCAS,

OR

THE HUNTER.

Argument.

This Idyll contains a Dialogue between the Hunter Eschines, and Menalcas the Mountain Shepherd, in which the pleasures of a Country-life are agreeably and advantageously contrasted with those of the Town.

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and appears to be a formal document or letter.

ESCHINES AND MENALCAS,

OR

THE HUNTER.

THE young Menalcas on the mountains bred,
Whose hardy flocks on barren heights were fed ;
A gadding sheep, one morn, had lured to stray,
Far in a wild, beyond his wonted way.
There in the lonely covert's deepest shade,
A way-worn stranger on the ground was laid :
“ Ah youth, (he cries) behold the second morn
“ Since in these solitudes I rove forlorn,
“ Led by the chace to this untrodden wood
“ No friendly roof I find, nor drink, nor food.”
Menalcas straitway from his scrip supplied
The stranger's need ; and loosing from his side
A flask of milk, “ Take, friend (he said), nor spare,
“ Freely to taste the shepherd's simple fare.”

Well, after strength refresh'd, thou may'st proceed,
Myself in safety will thy footsteps lead.
Then forth he led the way-bewilder'd man,
Who thus complacent to his guide began:

ESCHINES.

Fair youth, preserver of my life, O say,
How shall my grateful heart this good repay?
Wilt thou forsake thy rocks and fleecy care,
With me the pleasures of the town to share?
No straw-built sheds are there, but to the skies
Proud marble halls on lofty columns rise;
Vessels of silver shall thy viands hold,
And costly drink be thine from cups of gold.

MENALCAS.

Alas, what need? from winds and beating storms,
My lowly cot sufficient shelter forms.
What though no columns grace it, yet the vine,
And trees of fairest fruit its roof entwine.
The brook's clear beverage, or Metheglin's juice,
Flow they not sweetly from an earthen cruse?
While each uncostly meal that crowns my board
Ripe orchards scatter, or fat herds afford:

There, if no cups of gold or silver shine,
Yet all the fragrance of the field is mine.

ESCHINES.

Nor think, good shepherd, to the town denied,
The wealth of orchards, or the garden's pride ;
There Art her fruitage plants in stately rows,
There beds are dress'd with every flower that blows ;
There too, clear springs in marble basons play,
With sculptured forms of nymphs and shepherds gay.

MENALCAS.

Fairer to me with alleys wild and rude
The forest glade which art hath ne'er subdued ;
And sweeter far those natural flowers that paint
The meadow's lap, and bloom without constraint ;
Of these a rich and variegated store,
Lily and rose and marjoram, deck my door ;
And O how beauteous is the spring that leaps
From some cleft rock down wood-encircled steeps ;
Then winding steals along the silent leas :
Ah no, thy town has no delights like these.

ESCHINES.

There, many a dame in silken stole displays
Bright charms unsullied by the solar blaze ;

Fair as the milk from youthful udders press'd,
 In store of gold and sparkling jewels dress'd.
 While skilful harpers sweep the well-tuned strings,
 And all the ear with sweet enchantment rings.

MENALCAS.

Hunter! my nut-brown maid to me seems fair,
 When fresh-blown roses wreath her flowing hair;
 Nor envy we the great, such bliss is ours,
 By gurgling springs reclined in shady bowers.
 Then sings my love, O what enchanting lays!
 Meantime my flute accordant music plays—
 While through the groves our sprightly concert rings,
 And echo to our notes responsive sings;
 While from the high-wood top, or hawthorn near
 The blended harmony of birds we hear.
 Say, can your songs of art with nature vie?
 Can they, with soft transporting melody,
 Like Philomel the rapt attention seize?
 Ah no—thy town has no delights like these.

ESCHINES.

Good swain, will nothing tempt thee? wilt thou scorn
 This purse of gold? take then this golden horn.—

MENALCAS.

What's gold to me? I have enough and more—
Gold never can increase the shepherd's store.

Trees without price, their precious freight resign,
Fields give me flowers, and milk my fatted kine—
The wealth of nature, without wealth, is mine.

}

ESCHINES.

Thrice happy swain, whom gold cannot persuade—
Still would my heart requite thy generous aid.

MENALCAS.

Then let some pledge be mine—yon figur'd flask,
Form'd of the hollow gourd is all I ask;
There, the young Bacchus laughs, and there the loves,
Graved in a cluster throng like nestling doves.

Thus spoke the swain his unambitious mind,
And Eschines the flask with smiles resign'd;
The pledge of friendship gratified the boy,
And like the wanton lamb he leap'd with joy.

CONTENTS

Original Articles
 The Medical Profession and the Public
 The Medical Profession and the Public
 The Medical Profession and the Public
 The Medical Profession and the Public

CONTENTS

Original Articles
 The Medical Profession and the Public
 The Medical Profession and the Public
 The Medical Profession and the Public

CONTENTS

Original Articles
 The Medical Profession and the Public
 The Medical Profession and the Public
 The Medical Profession and the Public

CONTENTS

Original Articles
 The Medical Profession and the Public
 The Medical Profession and the Public
 The Medical Profession and the Public

CHLOE,
OR
THE CONFESSION.

Argument.

A young Shepherdess in an invocation to the Fountain-Nymphs, avows her Passion for the Shepherd Lycas, relates its origin, and supplicates their favour to inspire him with a corresponding Passion.

20112

1880

1880

1880

CHLOE,
OR
THE CONFESSION.

YE gentle Naiads! guardians of this grot,
Whose heavenly genius consecrates the spot!
Wont to enjoy the still, refreshing shade
Within this shelter'd bower your hands have made;
Ye, who (such leisure as the Fawns allow,
From coursing the mid-wood, or mountain brow)
In this sequester'd cave, delighted use,
And from your urns this limpid rill diffuse—
O bend propitious to a virgin's sighs
Naiads! or if soft slumber seal your eyes,
Let not your rest my loud complainings break,
But hear, with pity, hear me when ye wake.
Love, mighty Love provokes the fond appeal,
For light-hair'd Lycas all its pangs I feel.

Have ye ne'er seen the youthful shepherd move
When o'er the moor he tends his spotted drove?
Piping he goes, and where he winds his way,
Pleas'd echo follows and repeats the lay.
Have ye ne'er mark'd his blue and sparkling eye,
Or seen him smile, or heard his minstrelsy?
Whether glad spring, or autumn's golden prime,
Or care of teeming herds adorn his rhyme.
On hill or dale no swain is half so fair ;
But, ah, not conscious of the pangs I bear.
How long, stern winter, has thy rigid sway
Constrain'd our shepherds from the fields to stay ;
Since autumn's blushing star an age is past,
'Twas then my dotting eyes beheld him last.
Softly he slept beneath a thicket's shade,
And with his locks the wanton zephyr play'd ;
Ah me, how lovely seem'd the languid boy,
And sweetly smiled as tho' he dream'd of joy.
I see him still, remembrance paints the scene,
That fascinating smile, that brow serene,
Through twinkling leaves the broken sunbeams glanc'd,
And thwart his bonny cheek their shadows danc'd.
Soon of each flower I spoil'd the neighbouring grove,
And for his flute a blooming ringlet wove,

Then softly round his slumbering forehead tied
A second wreath ; that done I stepp'd aside ;
“ And lo, (I said) in yonder hawthorn brake
“ Couch'd will I lurk to mark the shepherd wake ;
“ How will he laugh, how wonder thus to find,
“ With flowers his forehead and his flute entwined ;
“ Here will his glances turn, or should they not,
“ Loud laughter shall invite them to this spot.”

Thus found my fancies utterance : I intent
In ambush waited near to mark th' event.
But more observ'd not, by a clamorous train
Of youthful playmates summon'd to the plain ;
Alas, how vex'd to find my labour void,
And leave my frolic plans but half enjoy'd,
Unseen the waking shepherd's glad surprise,
His vivid smile and pleasure-speaking eyes :
Welcome the approach of spring, for spring once more,
The much-loved youth will to the plains restore.

Nymphs, on the boughs which o'er this cavern bend,
My hands a votive garland shall suspend,
Violet, and may-thorn, with each flower that blows
Earliest and sweetest, shall the wreath compose.
And O ! kind powers, if e'er with toil oppress'd,
The light-hair'd Lycas by your spring should rest,

With scenes auspicious sweeten his repose,
And let some heavenly dream the truth disclose ;
Tell him 'twas Chloe's hand his chaplet wove,
Tell him that Chloe's hand was taught by Love.

Thus breathed th' enamour'd maid her artless vow,
And hung fresh flowers on every leafless bough ;
Low murmurs issuing from the cavern rose,
Soft as the distant flute's reverberated close.

LYCAS AND MILON.

Argument.

Two herdsmen contend for mastery in Song, and deposit their respective stakes, Milon a bullock and Lycas a she-goat. Menalcas is called to be the umpire of their contention, but unable to decide between them, he recommends a reciprocal exchange of the stakes deposited.



LYCAS AND MILON.

MILON, in music skill'd, whose early beard
Like tender grass 'mid vernal snows appear'd,
And he with yellow locks that waved like corn,
Lycas, a gentle pair, their flocks one morn
Together to the beech-wood's shelter led:
" Good-morrow (first the songster Milon said,
And gave his hand) say, Lycas, shall we try
These sylvan shades and shun the burning sky?
So, while our bleating lambs the meadows graze,
My watchful dog shall note no truant strays.

LYCAS.

Nay rather, where these rocks impending meet,
And build a shadowy vault, shall be our seat;
Beneath them, many a rudely-rifted stone
Invites our stay with tender moss o'ergrown.
Cool is the spot and lovely—mark the lapse
Of yon translucent rill, which tumbling saps

The mouldering roots and shakes each pensile spray,
Then to the lake impatient speeds its way !
There be our place of rest, and over-head,
Dark beeches still their canopy shall spread.
This said beneath the rocks on fragments rude,
The shepherds sat, when Milon thus renew'd :

MILON.

Lycas! artificer of sylvan lays
Long since from shepherds I have heard thy praise,
Me too the Muses scorn not to befriend,
Then let us for some prize in song contend.
I stake yon lusty bullock now in sight,
Streak'd with alternate colours, black and white.

LYCAS.

And I, the fairest of my goats will stake,
Which crops yon ivied willow near the lake.
Mark you beside their dam the frisking young?
They also to the victor shall belong.
But Milon who shall judge our strains aright?
Wilt thou Menalcas to this charge invite?
Menalcas skill'd in song; see from the meads
Laborious to the wood yon spring he leads.

Obedient to their call the aged man,
Between the shepherds sat, and Milon thus began.

MILON.

Blest is the youth who knows the tuneful art,
Fired by the heavenly muse, who when his heart
True to the touch of joy elastic springs,
That joy spontaneous to the wild wood sings.
Me never did the gracious gift forsake,
When with the moonlight charm'd or morning's rosy break,
And well I know when sadness will invade,
How sweetly sadness is by song allay'd.
Me too the Muses love—whence 'tis decreed
Yon snow-white kid shall on their altar bleed,
His horned front with garlands shall be crown'd,
And new-made songs my gratitude resound.

LYCAS.

Oft has my father's reed awaken'd joy,
When in his lap I lay a lisping boy;
And oft my ear attentive would retain,
And feeble voice articulate the strain.
Oft, laughing, from his lips the reed I caught,
And blew wild broken melodies untaught.

But soon, these fancies thronging in my breast,
 Pan, bounteous Pan, my nightly visions bless'd:
 " Stripling, ('twas thus the god of shepherds spoke)
 Haste to the woods, and from my favourite oak
 Take thou the votive pipe, suspended there
 By Hylas, tuneful swain, of merit rare,
 Worthy art thou to be that shepherd's heir.
 Young boughs from trees new-grafted to adore
 The god propitious yesterday I bore,
 And pour'd (first offering) on the sacred soil
 One cruse with milk supplied, and one with oil.

MILON.

Sweet is the blush of morn, the moonlight sweet,
 Pleasant to panting hinds the cool retreat,
 But more than shade, or morn, or moonbeam bright,
 The simple melodies of song delight.
 How great the bliss whene'er our rural lays
 Some virtuous maiden with her smile repays!
 Or weaves fresh garlands for the victor's brow!
 Since Phillis, lovely maid, hath heard my vow,
 Gay are my songs, and cheerful is my breast,
 As this fair scene in vernal sunshine dress'd;
 Phillis, whose smile each shepherd heart subdues,
 As Ceres mild, accomplish'd as the Muse.

LYCAS.

In gay delights long time my moments flew,
Ere yet my heart love's wakeful passion knew ;
Glad hymns of praise I sang, the care of kine,
Of fruits, of fields, and culture of the vine.
But from that hour, alas ! these eyes survey'd
Bright Amaryllis, cold unfeeling maid,
My joys are fled, my songs of pleasure mute,
And grief alone makes eloquent my flute.
Against this growing madness once I strove,
Resum'd my toils, and sought to banish love.
But ah, no more I strive, my pangs return,
Again I've seen the maid, again I burn.
Beneath the sloe's white-blossom'd thorn reclined,
Sweetly she sang ; meantime the saucy wind,
Swept from its boughs a fleecy show'r, and shed
Soft flakes, like winter, on the maiden's head.

MILON.

To yon dark pine-trees which the brook divides,
Her flock full oft my lovely Phillis guides ;
That favour'd spot but lately I array'd
With choicest flowers, and garnish'd all the shade.

From bough to bough thick garlands waved, above,
 Below, on every stem, and all the grove
 Like one fair temple seem'd, dress'd for the Queen
 of Love.

“ And lo! (I said) this hand on every pine
 “ Shall grave united Phillis' name and mine,
 “ Then from yon thicket will I note unseen
 “ Her speech, her smile, and wonder-stricken mien.”
 I spoke, and cut the bark, but shortly found
 A flowery wreath about my temples wound;
 Startled, I backward turn'd, and saw the maid
 Who smiling stood beside, and smiling said:
 “ Milon! I mark'd thee well,” then with a kiss,
 Of heavenly sweetness ratified my bliss.

LYCAS.

Near yonder hillock stands my shady cot,
 Border'd with flowers a streamlet laves the spot;
 There ranged in double row my toiling bees,
 Dwell silently beneath cool olive-trees.
 They from their fragrant bower no flights essay,
 But gaily buzz around each bloomy spray,
 And with abundant sweets my nurture overpay.

Mark you my kine, with teats that sweep the ground,
And lusty calves that near their mothers bound ?
Mark you my goats which bite the budding thorn ?
Or can ye count my lambs which graze the lawn ?
O Amaryllis ! Heaven hath bless'd my store
For virtue's sake, whose precepts I adore,
Such gifts th' approving gods to Lycas send,
Wilt thou not too like them be Lycas' friend ?

So sang the tuneful swains. Menalcas cries :
" Brave youths ! to which can I adjudge the prize ?
" Unrival'd are your songs, as honey sweet,
" And flowing, as this brook beneath our feet ;
" Such joy inspiring as the shepherd feels,
" When from young rosy lips a kiss he steals.
" Lycas ! the steer with sable spots be thine :
" And thou thy goat with young to Milon shall resign.

INVOCATION

TO

SPRING.



INVOCATION TO SPRING.

WHAT sounds harmonious on my senses creep,
What heavenly charm dissolves my matin sleep?
Glad Spring, I see thy smiles; in purple state
Led by Aurora from the eastern gate,
Rejoicing—in thy train celestial move
Mirth, laughter loud, and chief the God of Love;
His looks the pride of future conquests breathe,
He twangs his bow, and shakes his arrowy sheath.
With thee the Graces, jocund youth! advance
Folding their pliant arms in triple dance:
Upon a sunbeam rides thy radiant car,
And birds symphonious hail thy rising star.
From the full bud, impatient to disclose
Its early ripeness swells the blushing rose,
Each with unfolded breast thy presence greets,
And wafts thee homage in unbounded sweets.
Thee too in frolic mood the zephyrs hail,
Flitting thro' bush and brake, from hill to dale,

Glad to the piping shepherd to betray
The ambush'd maid who listens to his lay,
Or mingling in the dancer's marshal'd row,
To breathe soft blushes o'er the virgin's brow.
Oft thro' wild caverns whispering as they sweep,
They rouse the wood-nymph from her winter sleep,
And wafting on their wings ambrosial air,
Thy glad approach, celestial Spring, declare.
Forth from their shaggy caves and green abodes
The Fawns and Satyrs trip, goat-footed gods,
Calling the frolic nymphs to lusty games,
While many-reeded pipes resound their flames.
The Naiads from their long-lock'd urns, once more
In bubbling rills refreshing moisture pour,
Some under vaulted woods unseen to glide,
Or sweep in scatter'd falls the mountain side;
Some thro' the plain meandering course to take,
And some to slumber in the silent lake,
Thus haply doom'd to clasp the naked fair,
Who laves her beauteous limbs disporting there.

Come, Spring! delay not, joy-creating power,
Come dress'd in smiles, as in that gladsome hour,
When o'er the level lake our pinnace flew
Freighted with those I love, congenial crew;

Myriads of waves, where'er our bark advanced,
Around the prow in tuneful measure danced,
With these the wind in wanton sport combined,
And ever as their ranks in conflict joined,
Compell'd them murmuring to the water's side,
Whence echo to the mingled sound replied,
There they awhile were hush'd, but from the sedge,
Soon turn'd again and beat the vessel's edge.
Friends of my soul! 'twas then in sportive mood
As mirth uncheck'd its wanton flights pursued,
Ye hail'd me monarch of the festive day,
And round my temples wreath'd the vine's first bud-
ding spray.

Friends of my soul! 'twas spring's delicious prime,
When stretch'd along yon mountain's ridge sublime;
Roof'd by a bower of tender saplings made,
We quaff'd and sang beneath the quivering shade.
Hand link'd in hand around the social board
Our hearts attuned such jocund music pour'd,
The wood-gods listen'd and return'd the lay,
And still, the measures of that mirthful day,
Heard amidst rocks and woods the swain admires,
Oft as the feast or dance exhilarates their quires.

Come, lovely Spring ! with flowers the fields adorn,
The woods with leaves, with bloom the rugged thorn,
To greet thy glad return, the jovial crowd
Of Bacchus and Silenus laugh aloud.
For where so well as under verdant boughs
Can man in mirth's ecstatic hour carouse ?
Love too on Bacchus oft delights to wait,
As under spreading shades he lies in state ;
And oft the vacant muse her voice will lend,
For who like Bacchus is the muse's friend ?
Then sings the god and laughs, and laughing shakes
The shadowy vine-leaf which his chaplet makes ;
Tells how his march thro' distant Ind pursued
Her swarthy sons to civil rule subdued,
How in the Robber-bark, while yet a child
His magic power the savage crew beguiled ;
Bade round the mast wild grape and ivy cling,
And founts of wine from living clusters spring.
Anon he lifts the flask, and in his mirth,
Tells how his Thyrsus to the rose gave birth.
Once (cries the god) it chanced in lustful mood
A youthful maiden to these arms I woo'd ;

She with light foot along the flow'ry sod
 Her flight pursued, yet often as she trod
 Look'd back and laugh'd to see the stumbling god.
 By Styx I ne'er had reach'd the buxom maid,
 But that her floating robe a hawthorn stay'd,
 Glad, then I seiz'd my blushing prize, and said :
 " Behold me, beauteous love, be not so coy,
 Know'st thou the god of wine, of youth, and joy ?
 Behold me, Bacchus named : " with modest grace,
 Awe-struck the maiden bow'd to my embrace.
 'Twas then to mark the raptures of that hour
 I touch'd the hawthorn with my staff of power,
 Thenceforth ordained such lovely bloom to wear
 As with the virgin's cheek might best compare ;
 And thence from age to age th' enchanted bush,
 Flowers with the garden's pride, "*the maiden's blush.*"

Pan, who this tale with mute attention hears,
 From mossy couch his fir-crown'd head up-rears,
 Propp'd on his arm, and cries, " Ah youth divine !
 " Blest with event, in Love more fair than mine.
 " Me, fate decreed with vain desire to chace,
 " A nymph transported from my fond embrace.
 " False god of Love (the god's malicious smile
 " Declares him conscious of his ancient guile)

“ ’Twas thou—too surely did thy fraud succeed,
“ That changed fair Syrinx to a bloodless reed.”

Anon in melancholy mood he sighs,
And now his reed, and now the goblet eyes,
Now with a copious draught all care defies.

Love too triumphant sings, his arts to tame,
Rebellious prudes who spurn the amorous flame.

Dark-tressed maid ! how shall I bless the day,
When for thy captive heart resounds his victor lay.

DAPHNIS AND MYCON.

Argument.

Two Shepherds drive their flocks together towards a spot where the ruins of a magnificent mausoleum are discovered. A Dialogue naturally ensues between them, suggested by the contemplation of fallen grandeur, in which the guilt and misery of tyranny are beautifully contrasted with a life of industry and innocence.

DAPHNIS AND MYCON.

DAPHNIS.

See! to the marsh yon wether breaks away,
And with him leads our rambling flocks astray;
There, where rank weeds and mire-fed rushes grow,
And swarming insects sip the stagnant slough;
Come, let us drive them back ———

MYCON.

———Unthinking ewes!

To quit this fragrant spot, here nature strews
Sweet thyme and rose-mary—here clover springs,
And round each stem luxuriant ivy clings.
But so methinks, full oft do shepherds use,
Who slight their real good some ill to chuse.

DAPHNIS.

See, from the sedge where dives the floundering sheep
On either side the frogs affrighted leap!

Come, simple lambs, this verdant hillock climb,
Nor stain your snow-white fleeces in the slime.

MYCON.

Here be their pasture then—but thou, the while,
Daphnis, declare what means yon mouldering pile?
Low in the swamp are shafts of marble laid,
Where weeds and rushes wave their noisome shade;
Around yon ruin'd arch dark ivy creeps,
And the wild thorn thro' every crevice peeps!

DAPHNIS.

'Twas once a tomb——

MYCON.

Such is the form it wears;
And lo! a prostrate urn its fate declares.
Graved on its side expressive shapes are seen
Of warring chiefs and steeds of angry mien;
Mark! how their prancing hoofs beneath them tread
The slaughtered heaps that on the ground lie spread!
He was no simple child of shepherd race,
Whose tomb such sanguinary sculptures trace!
He ne'er when living could have bless'd mankind,
Whose bones unshelter'd are to scorn consign'd;

To him no tear succeeding ages gave,
No flowers adorn'd his unlamented grave.

DAPHNIS.

Inhuman lord! to waste the fruitful plains,
To bind the free-born husbandman in chains.
This was his joy—where'er his squadrons rush'd,
Beneath their hoofs the nodding grain was crush'd;
As raging wolves the timid flock devour,
So girt with iron troops his ravenous power
Prey'd on the silent unoffending swain,
And with remorseless rapine swell'd the tyrant's gain.
He, in high marble towers entrench'd his state
Gorged with the spoil of hamlets desolate;
And rais'd himself yon structure, to record
The graceless exploits of a life abhorr'd.

MYCON.

Short-sighted fool! he no memorial needs
By whose fell scourge posterity still bleeds;
Remember'd wrongs immortalize his shame,
And men with curses chronicle his name.
Now prostrate lies his tomb, his bones dispers'd,
And noxious reptiles in his urn are nurs'd.

See, Daphnis ! on that warrior's helmed crown
 A frog now sits and mocks his angry frown ;
 And slowly sliding o'er his harmless blade
 The snail pursues her travels undismay'd !

DAPHNIS.

What now survives of all this boaster's might ?
 His high ambitious hopes are quench'd in night—
 Nought but the memory of his guilt remains,
 While vengeful furies plunge his soul in pains.

MYCON.

Ah wretch forlorn ! no friendly prayers ascend
 To heaven for him who living had no friend—
 Gods ! how unblest'd is power upheld by crimes
 Whose portion is the scorn of future times !
 Might I by guilt the world's whole wealth obtain,
 By Heaven I would renounce th' unhallow'd gain.
 Far happier in the blameless life I lead,
 Two goats, my only flock, content to feed,
 Content, of these one yearly to resign,
 A grateful offering to the powers divine.

DAPHNIS.

Friend, let us hence—to other plains retire—
 Such foul misdeeds ungentle thoughts inspire.

With me thou shalt adore the sacred earth
 Which shrines the memory of a man of worth,
 'Tis where my sire his modest tomb hath rear'd:
 Alexis! thou meantime our flocks shalt guard.

MYCON.

Daphnis, lead on—my heart glad homage pays
 To him, whom all our hinds consent to praise.

DAPHNIS.

This way, the path across the meadow guides,
 And near yon hop-crown'd Terminus divides.—

The swains advance, and on the right hand pass,
 High as their loins, a mead of waving grass,
 And on the left, a nodding corn-field rears
 Above their heads a grove of golden ears.
 Then amidst fruitful trees their path pursued,
 Beneath whose silent boughs a cottage stood;
 There under shady covert Daphnis dress'd
 His slender board, and with a frugal feast
 (Cool wine and fruit) regaled his friendly guest.

}

When Mycon thus : “ Say, Daphnis, in what place
Mine eye thy father’s monument may trace?
That so my first libation may be made,
With reverence due, to greet his honour’d shade.”

DAPHNIS.

Here then, my friend, thy first libation pour,
Here virtuous Ægon’s monument adore !
Here every shrub thou see’st of Ægon tells,
Within these shades his guardian spirit dwells.
These fields of yore, a fruitless waste and bare
He till’d—these orchards sprang beneath his care :
Thus we his sons and shepherds yet unborn
With grateful praises shall his name adorn ;
And all who share the wealth we thence possess,
The name of Ægon shall conspire to bless ;
For still beneath the good man’s blessing thrive
Those plains and pastures which he nurs’d alive.

MYCON.

Thrice-honour’d spirit ! soul of worth benign,
This chaste effusion from my cup be thine !

Fair is thy monument! by virtue rear'd,
By living fruits to all thy sons endear'd,
And blest art thou, beyond life's little space,
Source of unfailing good, whose deeds adorn thy race.

THE ORIGIN OF SONG
AND
OF THE LYRE.

Argument.

Gessner in this Idyll gives a fanciful account of the origin of Vocal Music, which, according to the theory of Lucretius, he derives from the Singing of Birds. He also deduces the first invention of Stringed Instruments from the twanging of the Bow.

THE ORIGIN OF SONG

AND

OF THE LYRE.

IN early days when every art was new,
And human efforts, like their wants, were few;
When simple thoughts a blameless life inspired,
Nor sprang invention but as need required;
A gentle maiden in the woodland dwelt:
Beauteous herself she nature's beauties felt.
With every gift beyond her fellows grac'd,
And fine perception every charm to taste.
The landscape's blush beneath the morning light,
The glow of evening, the pale orb of night;
All roused to ecstasy her youthful soul;
And tears of transport from her eye-lid stole.
The voice as yet no chastening skill controll'd,
The heart its joy in artless accents told.

Soon as the cock, shrill herald of the day,
With spritely carol cheer'd the solar ray;
What time around her gate the social brood
Of beast and fowl were clamorous for their food,
Forth from her reed-built cot the maid would stray,
(Which far embower'd in piny forests lay :
To chace the dew-drops from the glittering plain,
And list the silvan warbler's matin strain ;
Which ever as she caught, her voice essay'd
Responsive echos to the notes they made.
Sweet sounds, tho' simple, from her throat she drew
(Such sounds before the wild-woods never knew)
And in one strain her plastic skill combined
The changeful music of the feather'd kind.

“ Ye happy birds! (thus sang th' enraptur'd maid)
“ How sweet your notes! how vocal every glade!
“ Hark from each high tree-top, each grove beneath
“ One peal of joy the peopled forests breathe!
“ O, teach me, happy birds, your tuneful art,
“ Your liquid tones, your flexile powers impart ;
“ So shall my voice in some melodious lay,
“ With yours ascend to greet the god of day.”

Thus flowed the grateful accents from her tongue,
In artless measure to the notes they sung.

Then first her ear the pleasing power confess'd
Of words in numbers musical express'd:

“ How swells my heart with rapture as I view
“ These living groves, this landscape bathed in dew!
“ And thou, great Lord of life! to thee I raise
“ With joy unfeign'd my new-found notes of praise!
“ Taught by these warblings of the feather'd choirs,
“ While nature prompts and gratitude inspires.”

She sang: unwonted gladness fill'd the glade;
And every bird was still to hear the tuneful maid.

Each morn repairing to her favourite seat,
Her vocal task the damsel would repeat.
And breathed her song aloud, nor breathed in vain:
Long, since a gentle youth had caught the strain;
Lured by the sweetness of her voice to stay,
Oft had he stood, and sigh'd whole hours away,
Then to the forest's inmost covert stole,
To meditate the song that touch'd his soul.

It chanc'd, one day to fancy's mood resign'd,
The youth beneath his sedgy roof reclined;
One hand upon his well-strung bow relied
(Successful bow that ever graced his side)
For he the first of forest swains had found
This useful art the robber birds to wound.

What time the spoilers seized the harmless dove
From the light willow-cots his fingers wove.

“ Whither (he cries) is all my gladness flown,
“ Whence is this woe that weighs my spirit down ?
“ Sighs ! that so soon to tears of joy give way
“ If e'er the maid I view, or hear her lay ;
“ And tears of joy as quickly turned to sighs,
“ If e'er my sight her beauteous image flies !
“ Whither alas ! is all my gladness flown ?
“ And whence this woe that weighs my spirit down.”

While thus the youth his soft complaining made,
His careless fingers with the bow-string play'd,
The string so sweetly to his touch replied,
The youth was wonder-struck, again he tried
The magic of his bow, his bow once more
True to the touch resounded as before :
Long time amazement fix'd his wandering sense
’Twixt joy and wonder held in mute suspense,
Thought urging thought, his untaught mind confused,
Oft times he struck the string, as often mused ;
Till on his yielding wonder reason stole,
And quick invention kindled all his soul.
Up sprang the youth and from the neighbouring wood,
Two slender staves of equal measure hew'd,

And two of shorter size, between them placed
These to connect with equal strings he braced.
This done, across the frame his hand he threw,
Whose varying tones increasing wonder drew:
Of tender sweetness some, and some of force
Proportion'd to the strings, now fine, now coarse,
And now he straiten'd some, now some unbound,
Arranged to modulate successive sound—
And when his hand had wrought the tuneful toy,
Again he smote the strings and laugh'd, and leap'd for
joy.

Soon as the morn's first sunbeam tipp'd the wood,
The love-lorn youth his minstrelsy renew'd ;
And there his uncouth lyre obsequious strung,
To sound sweet concords to the maiden's song.
But long ('tis said) with fruitless skill he plied,
For many a tone his mimic toil defied ;
And still had fail'd—but that some power benign
With generous pity moved at Love's design,
Stoop'd from the clouds to tune his faltering lyre
And touch'd his fingers with celestial fire.
Since that blest hour, the heaven-instructed swain
The maid's soft accents never heard in vain,
His lyre was true to love, and echoed back the strain. }

One morn, her forehead graced with many a flower,
The maid sat warbling in her woodland bower;
And thus she lay began: "Hail, god of light,
"Tow'ring in pride above the mountain's height:
"See thy blest rays the hills and woods illumine,
"And gild the spritely lark's ascending plume!
"Thee, glorious orb, the forest quires salute,
"And thee"—The damsel suddenly was mute;
"Around in fear she rolls her beauteous eyes,
"And hark! whence art thou, lovely sound (she cries),
"Some voice aerial mingles with my song!
"I heard responsive tones my strain prolong!
"Why art thou still, sweet voice? Where art thou gone?
"O sing once more—repeat that heavenly tone—
"Art thou some feather'd tenant of this grove?
"O wave thy wings yon fragrant pine above!
"And while thy notes once more my sense delight
"Let me behold thy form and mark thy flight."
"And yet methinks a sound so sweet, so clear,
"Ne'er in these woody confines met mine ear:
"She spoke: with watchful eye then rais'd her head,
"Ah no—my voice affrights thee—thou art fled.
"O, if no faithless dream deludes my brain,
"Let me, sweet echo! woo thee, once again:

"Delicious flowers, that drink the morning ray,"
 "Fair blossoms yesterday, but flowers to-day;
 "Welcome! thrice welcome are the gales that bear
 "Your odorous breath; while all the liquid air
 "Rings with the murmurs of the insect tribe,
 "And golden butterflies your dews imbibe."

Thus sang the maid, and singing gazed around
 With timid glance; for still the magic sound
 She heard the thicket's whispering leaves among,
 And sweetest chords accompanied her song.

Starting she cried: "No faithless dream art thou,
 "Sounds of celestial charm, I hear ye now!"
 'Twixt fear and joy the bashful maiden spake;
 When lo! a youth forth issued from the brake:
 Fresh flowers were wreath'd his waving locks between,
 Beneath his arm the magic lyre was seen.
 He saw the beauty by her fears beguiled;
 Then touch'd her trembling hand, and sweetly smiled:
 And framed the brief illusion to dispel,
 From his fair lips these tender accents fell:
 "Maiden! no forest-bird hath learn'd to join
 "His notes in faithful harmony to thine,
 "These slender strings the unwonted music made,
 "Mine was the work, and mine the hand that play'd.

“ Each morn my ear thy tuneful numbers caught,
“ The strain in secret to this frame I taught ;
“ And still I think some gracious god, sweet maid !
“ Unseen hath blest my toil with heavenly aid.”

 Mov'd with his speech, her modest eye she raised,
Now on the youth, now on the lyre she gazed ;
While he, whose eye his yielding soul express'd,
Pursued : “ O beauteous maid, how were I bless'd,
“ Wouldst thou with me within these coverts stray ;
“ With me to song devote the livelong day ;
“ Beside thee, as I sat, my lyre should learn,
“ Thy voice in sweetest cadence to return.”

 “ Fair youth, with joy thy mimic strain I heard,
“ Nor echo's self before thy notes preferr'd,
“ But see, 'tis noon—and now the scorching sun
“ Warns us the fury of his beams to shun ;
“ Come to my shelter'd cot within this wood,
“ Sweet milk and choicest fruits shall be thy food.”
She spake: the willing swain without delay,
Thence to her shady roof pursued his way.
And thence ('tis said) the peasant youth inspired
First, song and music's mimic art acquired ;
Ere yet soft breath thro' reeds unequal blown
Or liquid warbling of the flute was known ;

Which Marsyas to the sylvan gods convey'd,
Safe from the fury of the martial maid.
Two trees, by shepherds planted, seen afar,
Commemorate thro' time, the tuneful pair;
Beneath whose shade full oft the listening throng,
Imbib'd this simple tale, remember'd long,
Source of the Lyric Muse, and Origin of Song. }

THE ZEPHYRS.

Argument.

Two Zephyrs discourse together on the nature of their respective employments. One of them enlarges on the merits of a Young Shepherdess whose attendant Spirit he declares himself to be in her errands of Charity and Virtue.

THE ZEPHYRS.

1st ZEPHYR.

Say, why recumbent on yon rosy bed,
Zephyr! thy wings in idle languor spread?
Come flit with me beneath yon valley's side,
Where nymphs amid the pool disporting glide.

2d ZEPHYR.

This be thy choice; such sports invite me not,
Blest in a sweeter, more luxurious lot,
My wings with dew of Rose-buds I regale,
And drink the fragrance that their cups exhale.

1st ZEPHYR.

Say then what sweeter pastime can be thine
Than with the frolic nymphs in sport to join?

2d ZEPHYR.

Soon shalt thou see my charge, a beauteous lass
Fair as the youngest of the Graces, pass;

Mark you the cot which crowns yon verdant height,
Whose moss-clad roof the matin sunbeams light?
To that lone spot where sickening want abides
Pity, the gentle maid, each morning guides;
Intent a drooping mother's woes to heal,
And bear two friendless babes their ample meal.
They, did not Daphne's hand afford them bread,
Would languish on their lowly couch unfed.
'Tis at this hour the mindful maid appears,
With glowing cheek and eye suffused with tears;
(Blest tears! from pity and from joy they flow,
From joy to think that pity softens woe.)
Meantime within this rose-tree-bower I lie
To mark the maid's approach; then forth I fly,
Laden with choicest sweets to charm her sense,
And airs of mildest fragrance gather'd thence;
O'er her warm cheek I breathe, and with my wing,
Wipe the soft tears that from her eye-lid spring.

1st ZEPHYR.

Enough, dear Zephyr, 'tis a sweet employ,
A charge so gracious yields unsullied joy;
Henceforth the same delicious sport be mine
With thee on dew-fed roses to recline,

With thee to gather store of fragrance there,
Then waft in balmy kisses to the fair.
But see, she comes ! the maid herself draws nigh,
Bright as the radiance of the morning sky ;
Content and peace in all her features shine,
And every gesture shows a grace divine ;
Fly, Zephyr, fly ! on fleetest pinion soar,
Such lovely cheeks were never fanned before.

The first part of the history of the
 world is the history of the
 creation of the world and the
 life of the first man, Adam.
 This is the history of the
 world as it was in the beginning.
 The second part of the history of the
 world is the history of the
 fall of man and the
 life of the first woman, Eve.
 This is the history of the
 world as it was in the beginning.
 The third part of the history of the
 world is the history of the
 life of the first man, Adam.
 This is the history of the
 world as it was in the beginning.

The fourth part of the history of the
 world is the history of the
 life of the first woman, Eve.
 This is the history of the
 world as it was in the beginning.
 The fifth part of the history of the
 world is the history of the
 life of the first man, Adam.
 This is the history of the
 world as it was in the beginning.
 The sixth part of the history of the
 world is the history of the
 life of the first woman, Eve.
 This is the history of the
 world as it was in the beginning.
 The seventh part of the history of the
 world is the history of the
 life of the first man, Adam.
 This is the history of the
 world as it was in the beginning.

MILON.

Argument.

A Mountain Goatherd, enamoured of the beautiful Chloe, invites her to share with him the pleasures of Pastoral Life, which he paints in the most engaging colours. Chloe overhears the Goatherd's Song of Invitation, discovers herself, and avows a reciprocal Passion.

MILON.

O MAID, more lovely than the morning dew,
With shaded eyes and locks of sable hue!
Fair are thy tresses if with flowers entwined,
And fair, if idly floating in the wind;
Fair are thy lips when smiling, still more fair,
Whene'er they ope to warble some sweet air!

Maiden! I mark'd thee well, and heard thy lay
Breathed to the listening woods at break of day,
As near the fount, which branching oaks embower,
You charm'd with measur'd song the gladsome hour;
And oft I bade the prattling birds be still,
And chid the gushing fount's loquacious rill.

Now hath my youth just nineteen summers known,
And comely is my face, tho' somewhat brown,
And oft admiring swains have throng'd around,
To hear my well-tuned pipe's melodious sound.
And well I know, no pipe of all the plain,
To thy sweet voice so modulates the strain.

See! where the ivy's leafy nets adorn
Yon rocky steep and top the neighbouring thorn!
Beneath that steep a spacious grot is mine;
Its walls within soft skins of leopards line:
And near its mouth umbrageous pumkins bend
Their darksome boughs and o'er the roof extend.
See from the summit of yon shaded hill
A spring descends and pours a lucid rill,
The lucid rill o'er tufted cresses flows,
And many-blooming flowers its banks compose;
Till in a placid lake beneath it spreads,
With whispering sedge enclosed and willow-beds.
There to my numbers oft will Dryads deign
Their dance to measure on the moonlight plain,
And skipping fawns with cymbals mark the strain. }
Wouldst thou, dear maid, the gaudy sunshine leave,
Hazels for thee shall bowers of verdure weave;
Sweet thorns, and shrubs that savoury berries bear,
And vines shall creep, and apples blossom near.
So fair my dwelling is, and such my store,
Wealth without pomp; say who would covet more?
Yet woe is mine, dark clouds obscure the spot,
Dead are its charms—if Chloe loves me not.

Let me but win thy love, and thou shalt know
How sweetly life in rural peace may flow;
Stretch'd on our mossy couch, we'll cheat the time,
While our light goats the rugged mountains climb.
Thence o'er the sloping landscape opening wide
Our glance shall rove to ocean's glittering tide;
Where Tritons sport, and with his western wane,
The steeds of Phœbus plunge into the main.
Then shall our song the twilight echoes move,
And nymphs and woodland gods the strain approve."

"Twas thus the mountain swain his love beguiled,
And Chloe from the covert heard, and smiled,
And smiling stood in view, and as she press'd
The Goatherd's hand these gentle words address'd:
"Milon, I love thee, more than flocks in spring,
To browse fresh clover love, or birds to sing.
Lead to thy cavern, for thy lip distils
Sweet honey, and thy kiss than gushing rills
More musical, my soul with rapture thrills."

}

DAPHNE,
OR
THE ORPHAN.

Argument.

Daphne invokes the Spirit of her departed Mother to protect her from the designs of Nicias, a powerful Lord of Mitylene. Nicias overhearing this invocation is moved by her piety and innocence to relinquish his designs, and atones for his past conduct by bestowing on her a Marriage Portion.

DAPHNE,
OR
THE ORPHAN.

THE child of poverty, to virtue bred,
Daphne too soon deplored her mother dead;
Beauty her sole bequest, her only dower,
She bloom'd a lovely, but unshelter'd flower.
In lowly vassalage her life she led,
And Mycon's flocks, a menial orphan, fed;
(He for a wealthy landlord till'd the plains,
Who in fair Mitylene enjoy'd his gains.)

One day, profoundly wrapt in tender thought,
Her mother's silent tomb the maiden sought,
Fond tears of filial love obscured her sight,
As duly she discharged each solemn rite.
Fresh water first upon her sod she pours,
Then hangs on every branch a wreath of flowers

For many a shrub had Daphne there disposed
To shield the spot where all she loved reposed.
Then, thus her prayer began: “Blest spirit, hear!
Blest for thy virtues, for thy fondness dear!
Sweet is the memory of thy living worth,
My saint in heaven, as once my guide on earth.
Parent! whose love from every blighting ill,
My childhood saved—thy shadow shields me still.
O, should remembrance ever cease to trace
Thy mild expiring words, thy last embrace;
Should I forget thy voice, thy look resign’d,
When on my breast thy drooping head reclined—
Should I forget those lips that sweetly smiled—
Then may the gracious gods forget thy child;
May grief and shame her thankless being close,
Nor hope of heavenly solace sooth her woes.
My friend, my mother! still I feel thee near,
My orphan sorrows still shall reach thine ear;
To thee alone thy daughter dares impart
The mournful secrets of her virgin heart

Nicias, the chief on whom our swains depend,
He, Mycon’s lord, whose flocks I daily tend,
Of late these pastures with his presence graced,
Resolv’d the fruitful season’s joys to taste.

Me then he saw; he smil'd and call'd me fair,
And prais'd my flock, and prais'd my shepherd care;
With liberal gifts my slender charge repaid,
And swore that all must love so sweet a maid.
Ah, rather, simple maid, for who that dwell
In rural shades man's artifice can tell!
"Benignant master! (to myself I said)
The gods their blessings on his bounty shed!
For him my prayers their favour shall implore
What can, alas! a friendless hand-maid more?
Surely the rich are Heaven's peculiar care,
And well deserve, if all like Nicias are."
So thought I credulous; nor dar'd rebuke
His fervent transports when my hand he took,
And on my finger placed a ring of gold—
(Blushes alone my strange emotion told,)
"Look! lovely maid (he cried), observe this toy,
"Mark on the gem engraved this winged boy!
"Tis he shall teach thee bliss"—I could not speak,
Nor stay'd his hand, which softly press'd my cheek.
"O matchless bounty (so my thoughts pursued)
How have I gain'd a friend so great, so good!
Ingenuous thoughts! alas, how quickly flown!—
'Twas at the dawn of yesterday, alone,

That Nicias in the garden cross'd my way ;
Careless he seem'd, and thus in accents gay :
“ Fly, fairest Daphne ! fly, bewitching maid,
Bring me fresh flowers to yonder myrtle shade !
There shall their sweets regale me.” Thus he said :
Swiftly with cheerful diligence I sped ;
Cull'd from each chosen spot each sweetest flower,
And flew to Nicias in the myrtle bower.
“ Fleet as the breath of Zephyr is thy speed,
“ And Flora's self thy full-blown charms exceed,”
Nicias exclaim'd, but O, how tell my shame !
(E'en now chill tremors run thro' all my frame)
Me panting in his eager arms he press'd,
And, while he strain'd me closely to his breast,
Each soft seductive vow, each charm of speech,
Framed unsuspecting coyness to o'er-reach,
Flow'd from his tongue. I all too weak to chide,
Trembling, with sighs and tears alone replied,
Wretch that I am ! from that same hour undone !
Mine heritage of spotless virtue gone,
O, had the mother seen her darling child
By this rude spoiler's unchaste arms defiled !
Fired with the thought, my slumbering sense awoke,
My strength revived, from Nicias' arms I broke,

E'en from the grave thy spirit seem'd to chide,
Thy voice to Fancy whispering, was my guide.

Guardian belov'd ! upon thy silent tomb,
I come to pour my griefs, ah ! hapless doom !
Reft of thy succour, like some plant when young,
Spoil'd of the stem to which its tendrils clung.
Spirit of her, for whom forlorn I grieve,
This cup of virgin lymph, these flowers receive !
Take too these tears; O could they pierce their way,
Their genial moisture should embalm thy clay.
Blest shade, if mortal prayers may reach thee now,
Blest shade, bear record of my righteous vow :
Still shall thy voice celestial be my guide,
Virtue my choice, and piety my pride,
Content tho' poor, tho' lowly not debased,
May I, like thee, tho' suffering, still be chaste ;
So shall I win, as thou, the world's esteem,
Loved by mankind, as by the powers supreme ;
And so ; when summon'd from this anxious scene,
My smiles, like thine, shall be in death serene."

So pour'd the plaintive unprotected maid
Her heart's contrition to her parent shade ;
And now she rose ; a virtuous calm repress'd
Each painful throb, and gladden'd all her breast ;

Spread o'er her virgin cheek a softer die,
And shot mild radiance from her tearful eye.
So soft, so mild, the skies of April seem,
When fleeting moisture dims the solar beam.

With heart disburden'd of its secret cares,
Once more fair Daphne to her flock repairs,
Swift is her step once more, her spirit light—
When lo! the tempter Nicias meets her sight:
“ Daphne (he cries, and ere his speech began
Tears of repentance from his eye-lids ran)
Daphne! dismiss thy fears, thy vows are heard,
Thy modest prayer in solitude preferr'd
Has touch'd my soul; O bid thy sorrows cease,
I come, who wrong'd thee, to restore thy peace:—
Blest be that stedfast virtue, which o'ercame
My rash resolve, and saved thy spotless fame,
And blest that self-command, whose power divine,
Has taught my erring heart to copy thine.
Forgive my frailty—fear no future ill,
Be chaste, be innocent, be happy still.
Behold yon field where flowers unnumber'd wave,
Near to that much-loved spot, thy mother's grave;
Daphne, 'tis thine—and with it take, my fair,
Half of that flock which long has own'd thy care;

And may some youth as fair and free from blame,
Reward thy virtues with an equal flame.
Ah why those tears? I tempt thee not, sweet maid,
Repentant throbs the recompense persuade.
To make my future deeds the past reprove,
To watch thy peace with all a parent's love,
To crown thy days to come with wealth and joy,
This be my pride henceforth, my chief employ.
Rescued by thy reserve from guilt and shame,
In every prayer will I invoke thy name;
Call thee my heavenly guide, my guardian power,
And shrine thee in my heart to life's last hour.

THYRSIS.

Argument.

The Shepherd Thyrsis describes the violence of his passion for the beautiful Chloe, whom he saw carrying a basket of Apples, and whom he assisted in recovering some fruit which she had let fall.



THYRSIS.

FAIR Nymphs! in vain refreshing cool pervades
Your gushing springs, and deep embowering shades,
Panting beside your peaceful haunts I lie,
Like hinds who toil beneath the sunbright sky.

'Twas on a gentle hill's declining brow,
Whence Chloe's cot o'erlooks the vale below,
Lately my limbs in careless ease I threw,
And call'd wild echo to the notes I blew!
Beneath a streamlet ran, and high above,
Ripe orchards waved in many a blushing grove.
Blest orchards! tended by the beauteous maid,
Blest streamlet! on whose bank with flowers inlaid
She loves to sleep the noontide hour, or lave
Her burning cheek, and wanton with its wave.
There as alone I pour'd my rustic lays,
The gate unclosing jarr'd, I turn'd to gaze—

'Twas Chloe's self; the wanton zephyr stray'd
Thro' her light vest and in her tresses play'd;
A slender basket in one hand she bore,
Freighted with luscious fruit, a shining store:
With th' other, bashful tho' unseen, she press'd
Her kerchief closely to her swelling breast;
For oft in saucy sport the zephyr tried
To bare those charms which Chloe sought to hide;
Then slyly crept beneath her loose attire,
To wanton unrepress'd, and in soft sighs expire.
So moved the maid in beautiful array,
And o'er the upland held her careless way.
'Twas then (the source of all my pangs I tell)
Two precious apples from her basket fell,
And true to Love (for Love their course controll'd
With matchless aim) to me descending roll'd.
Quickly my hands their downward speed repress'd,
With joy I caught them, and with warmth caress'd;
Then sprang aloft, and to th' unconscious maid,
The tempting spoil with trembling hand convey'd.
What could (those tremors mean? what magic chain'd
My faltering tongue, that sighs alone remain'd?
But Chloe's star-bright eyes were downward bent,
While tenderest blushes spoke her heart's content.

And still she blush'd and smil'd, and blush'd again,
And bade me as her gift the fruit retain—
Both seem'd at once by like emotions sway'd,
Longing to give thought utterance, yet afraid,
Till Chloe's footsteps to her cottage turn'd ;
Ah then what transports in my bosom burn'd ;
Still did mine eyes the fleeting fair pursue,
Methought she kindly look'd and loiter'd too ;
And when her beauteous form was seen no'more,
My sight still rested on the cottage door ;
Then with slow step, and oft-reverted look,
Musing, the pathway to the stream I took.

O Love omnipotent ! to thee I bend,
Thou who hast been my guide, be still my friend ;
For Chloe's charms since that portentous day,
Dwell ever in my heart, and rule with tyrant sway.

ERYTHEA.

Argument.

Lycidas and Menalcas retire from the heat of a Summer's morning to a Grotto sacred to Pan, beside the waterfall Erythea. Lycidas sings: the subject of his Song is the flight of Erythea from the pursuit of Pan, and her subsequent metamorphosis.

ERYTHEA.

LYCIDAS.

Shall we, Menalcas, from the sun retreat,
Beneath this bank, and bathe our throbbing feet?
Tall elms and willows here which fence the stream,
Meantime shall shield us from his sultry beam.

MENALCAS.

Ay, Lycidas, to shun these burning skies,
Each creature panting to the covert flies.

LYCIDAS.

Lead onward to the cliff from whose steep wall,
The fountain breaks into a sounding fall.
'Tis cool and pleasant there, as 'twere to lave,
By moonlight in the silver-seeming wave.

MENALCAS.

Hark, Lycidas ! some cataract is near,
The sound of splashing waters strikes mine ear.

Hear you the ceaseless hum, the stir of wings?
 How swarms the shade! how every thicket rings?
 Ye gods, what myriads in this grove rejoice!
 Sure 'tis a spot for every creature's choice!
 Observe this spritely goldfinch, that in play
 Flitting from stone to stone directs our way,
 Mark too the while how bright a sunbeam shines
 Thro' yon cleft willow's trunk which ivy twines;
 Couch'd in its hollow bark a goat is laid,
 How sweet a nook for sleep and shelter made!

LYCIDAS.

Well dost thou note the scene, yet seest thou not,
 We are arrived——

MENALCAS.

By Pan a lovely spot!

LYCIDAS.

As some white mantle, which the zephyrs wave,
 Falls the light silvery shower before the cave,
 And pensile boughs above a chaplet wreath:
 Pass on, Menalcas, let us sit beneath.

MENALCAS.

What grateful coolness all the cavern fills!
How leaps the whirl-pool to the tumbling rills!
While every twinkling drop of falling spray,
Seems like a spark of fire beneath the ray;
These eyes ne'er saw so fair a solitude.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis hallow'd ground—no shepherd dares intrude
At mid-day, when 'tis said, our guardian power
Here sleeps in shelter from the scorching hour.
Nor is this shady spring unknown to fame,
For shepherd songs its ancient fate proclaim,
Wilt thou, Menalcas, learn?—

MENALCAS.

The place is fit :
Here on these moss-clad fragments as we sit,
Skreen'd by this chrystal curtain from the day :
Sing, Lycidas, while I attend the lay :

LYCIDAS.

“ Fairest of Dian's train who haunt the woods,
Child of Eridanus, supreme of floods,

Was Erythea—beauteous, ere the flower,
Of beauty had attain'd meridian power;
For still tho' infant smiles adorn'd her face,
Her shape was form'd with all a woman's grace.
Her mild blue eye but half its meaning told,
For modesty as yet its fire controll'd:
While the full orbs her milk-white bosom bore,
Declared abundant growth and promis'd more.

“ It chanc'd beneath the burning noon, one day,
The Nymph long time had chaced her forest prey,
Till faint with thirst and languishing with heat,
To a fresh spring she turn'd her aching feet.
Thence in her palm she rais'd the crystal tide,
Then to her cheek and slender lips applied,
And sipp'd the quickening draught; nor harbour'd fear
Of guile meantime, nor dream'd of peril near.
But Pan, who watch'd her from the neighbouring grove,
Pierc'd by the sudden pang of savage love,
Stole unobserv'd behind th' unthinking maid:
(The rustling grass alone his step betray'd)
Startled she sprang aloof—her loose attire
Mock'd his rude hand that shook with fierce desire;
Still, at her heels so closely press'd the god,
She felt his body's warmth, and trembled as she trod.

And now a rose-leaf's breadth was all the span
Between the flying Nymph and following Pan.
Nimbly she sped, than mountain doe more fleet,
For fear uncheck'd gave pinions to her feet,
He in her steps, swift as the southern wind,
That scarcely waves the grass top, press'd behind.
But soon a deeper dread arrests her flight,
Where should she turn? upon a giddy height
Precipitous, she stands—her cheek grows pale—
And shuddering she surveys the subject vale:
'Twas then she rais'd to heaven her suppliant cry:

“ O guardian huntress, queen of chastity!
Hear! and protect me; stay this fierce pursuit!
Let not a foul embrace thy Nymph pollute.
Thyself a virgin, grant a virgin's prayer.
Save me, chaste goddess, save me from despair.”

In vain: the god triumphant ends the chace,
She feels his sighs, she feels his rude embrace.
Then only Cynthia to her suit replies,
And from the victor wrests his fainting prize.
Lo! from his grasp the Nymph (ah Nymph no more!)
Dissolving slides away, a limpid shower.
Transform'd to water down his breast distils,
And murmuring melts into a thousand rills.

(Thus mountain snows, down some cliff's rugged side
Warm'd by the breath of spring, are seen to glide,)
Fast trickling o'er his brawny limbs they pass,
Purl at his feet and sparkle thro' the grass ;
Speed to the neighbouring brow, then leap below,
And murmuring still along the valley flow.

“ Hence maids and shepherds Erythéa name,
This crystal fount, and spotless is its fame.”—

DAMON AND PHILLIS.

Argument.

This Idyll contains a Dialogue between a young Shepherd and Shepherdess, whose respective ages when jointly numbered do not exceed twenty-nine years. This circumstance may tend to excuse Gessner if the subject of their conversation should appear somewhat puerile.



DAMON AND PHILLIS.

DAMON.

Phillis, my girl, of all the springs I've seen
(And now my youth has just beheld sixteen)
This seems on me with fairest light to shine,
Since now my lowing herds I tend with thine.

PHILLIS.

And I, of all the springs since I have been
(Who only now begin to count thirteen)
Think this of all most fair; supremely blest,
To be thus fondly to thy bosom press'd.

DAMON.

See! what a bower of bending foliage hides
Yon flood-gate, which the falling brook divides;
How purls the streamlet as it strives to pass!
Come, Phillis, come, reclined on this tall grass,

Here let us—

PHILLIS.

—Let us haste, you know, sweet boy,
When by your side I'm ever full of joy;
Look how my bosom heaves! bethink thee, dear,
Five long, long, hours are past since thou wert near.

DAMON.

Here, Phillis, on this clover rest awhile,
O, I could gaze forever on that smile,
And in those eyes—yet no, I cannot gaze,
There is such magic in their melting rays!—
Do not look at me thus"— (and as he said
He pressed the eyelids of the wanton maid)
“ Believe me when thy laughing eye meets mine,
Such strange emotions in my soul combine;
I know not what I am—my senses die—
I tremble—strive to speak—yet only sigh.—

PHILLIS.

Nay, now I prythee set mine eyelids free—
Are not the same emotions felt by me?
Or when my hand by thine is gently pressed,
What mean my throbbing heart and heaving breast?

DAMON.

Say, Phillis, what see'st thou on yonder spray,
Two turtle doves—observe their artless play—
How each the other fondles with its wing!
Hear'st thou their tender plaintive murmuring?
How each its little bill alternate plies,
Caressing now the crest and now the eyes!
Come, Phillis, fold thy pretty limbs in mine
Let us, our arms, as they their wings, entwine:
Incline thy neck, and lend thine eyes, sweet fair,
To gentle dalliance, like yon billing pair.

PHILLIS.

Press thou thy lips to mine, and keep them there—
So shall we copy best yon billing pair.—

DAMON.

Ah, Phillis, what delicious pastime's this!
Sweet birds, I thank you for this taste of bliss.
Henceforth may no fell hawk your joys affright,
Thrice happy ministers of Love's delight.

PHILLIS.

I thank you too, sweet birds. Ah! quit your grove,
Come dwell with me, and teach me how to love.

I'll watch your daily wants with fondest care,
And cull from field and forest, sweetest fare.
So, ye, when Damon is disposed to woo,
In Phillis' lap your dalliance may pursue.
Alas, they flee—with me they will not dwell,

DAMON.

Phillis, a thought has touched me—shall I tell?
What if men, kisses called this pleasant play!
Of which Amyntas sang, marked you his lay?
“ Tho' to the reaper parched with toil and heat,
The drink which slakes his arid throat is sweet;
Yet not so sweet so quickening as a kiss,
To those who truly love, and feel their bliss.
Sweeter the sound by lips caressing made,
Than rills at high noon rippling through the shade.”

PHILLIS.

Fain would I wager we've been kissing, youth,
But come, ask Chloe, she shall tell the truth.
Stay, stay—first set my garland strait, for shame!
My locks are strangely tumbled in this game!

ALEXIS.

Argument.

Daphne and Phillis, two young herdswomen, commit the care of their herds to another, that they may enjoy the freshness of the evening near the garden of Alexis.— Alexis not observing them, comes forth from his cabin, and complains in a pathetic strain of his passion for Daphne. Daphne is discovered by her companion, and betrayed into the avowal of a reciprocal passion.

ALEXIS.

DAPHNE.

Look ! where the moonbeam tops yon sable height,
And o'er the high woods pours a placid light :
Phillis, so fair a spot forbids to roam,
Stay—let my brother tend our heifers home.

PHILLIS.

Calm is the scene, and cool is even-tide,
We'll rest awhile————

DAPHNE.

Observe yon rocky side,
'Tis there the young Alexis' garden lies,
(No hind in culture with Alexis vies)
Peep o'er the fence—was ever soil so fair,
Trimmed with such skill, or planted with such care !

PHILLIS.

Let us approach, and take our station there.

DAPHNE.

How gaily thrives, within the garden's bound,
 Each plant which climbs aloft, or spreads the ground !
 See from the mountain falls a clear cascade,
 Then flows a brook and freshens all the shade ;
 See near the rock yon woodbine's clustering arms,
 Doubtless the prospect thence were full of charms.

PHILLIS.

Why, girl, no praise was ever sure like thine !
 With you 'tis all delicious, all divine !
 Naught with Alexis' garden may compare,
 No shrubs so graceful, and no flowers so rare.
 No spring so sweetly murmurs, or distils
 Such cool, such delicate, refreshing rills.

DAPHNE.

Nay, now you mock me. ———

PHILLIS.

No—'tis truth, I vow,
 Inhale the blossom gather'd from this bough ;
 Say now, did ever earthly rose presume
 To yield such rich, such exquisite perfume ?

It seems, as Love himself had nursed the flower,
And breathed upon its leaves ambrosial power!

DAPHNE.

Forbear your bantering arts, why talk of Love?

PHILLIS.

Say rather why those sighs your bosom move?

DAPHNE.

Phillis, you joy to vex me; let's away.

PHILLIS.

So soon? does not the spot invite delay?
But hush—some noise—beneath yon elders green,
We may retire awhile, and rest unseen.
Look, Daphne, 'tis himself—now say the truth,
Is not Alexis first of shepherd youth?

DAPHNIS.

Nay, then I'm gone.

PHILLIS.

You must not yet depart,
He stops—he sighs—'tis love has touched his heart:

How's this ? you tremble, child—be not dismayed,
It is no wolf!

DAPHNE.

Spare, spare me, cruel maid.

PHILLIS.

Attend, be still——

Beneath the elder-wood
The watchful nymphs in ambush, listening stood.
Meantime the youth unconscious breathed his soul,
And these soft accents on the silence stole :
“ Thou still pale regent of the evening skies,
On thee I call, bear witness of my sighs ;
Ye deep embowering woods attest my flame,
Whose echos oft have rung with Daphne's name.
Ye dew-besprinkled flowers, that round me shine,
Alas ! your silent tears resemble mine,
For when to Daphne shall I dare unfold
My tender pangs, what hope shall make me bold ?
When dare exclaim, “ Dear maid, I love thee more
“ Than bees in spring-tide love their haniied store.”
’Twas at the well last time the nymph I saw,
Toiling her loaded pitcher thence to draw ;

Large was the vase, and as the lymph o'erflowed,
Methought for Daphne 'twas a grievous load,
Whereat, I faltering said: "Let me sustain
Homeward thy ponderous draught, 'twill givethee pain."
"Thou art a gentle youth," the maid replied;
Trembling I took the load, and by her side
In silence walked, nor uttered aught but sighs,
Nor ventured once to raise my downcast eyes;
Nor once to say, "Daphne! I love thee more,
Than bees in spring-tide love their honied store."
Sweet floweret! wherefore droops thy languid crest,
Slender Narcissus, wherefore thus depressed?
All fresh and fragrant were thy leaves at noon,
Now withered, colourless—ah! why so soon?
Yet such, Alexis, such in life's proud morn,
Must be thy fate, if thou art Daphne's scorn!
Ah, should it be—then all ye flowers decline
Your mournful heads, ye plants untended pine,
Alexis will on you no care bestow,
When all his tenderest hopes have ceased to blow.
Then shall rank weeds your blooming beds invade,
And briars oppress you with unwholesome shade.
Ye too, my orchards! whilom wont to bear
Delicious fruits, will want a master's care.

While stretched beneath your sapless boughs he lies,
And spends his soul in unregarded sighs.—
So when my bones within this garden rest,
Daphne! be thou in all thy wishes blest ;
Lov'd by some youth to whom thy faith is given,
Enjoy each earthly bliss allowed by Heaven.
Yet hold—why thus forlorn—away with gloom,
Hope springs again, and bears a golden bloom.
When with my flocks I tarry in her sight—
Does not her smiling aspect speak delight?
When lately on the hills I touched my reed,
Did she not loiter as she crossed the mead?
And tho' my faltering fingers scarce did play,
Did she not linger still, and listen to my lay?
O might the tender prayer of Love persuade
Daphne, with me to dwell beneath this shade!
Then, then, ye flowers, your brightest tints unveil,
From every leaf your richest breath exhale!
Ye trees bend low the beauteous bride to greet,
And cast your fairest fruitage at her feet."
So sang Alexis: Daphne's deep-drawn sigh,
And trembling hand, betrayed her sympathy.
When Phillis thus: " She loves thee, gentle swain,
" Forbear thy fond complaint, forget thy pain,

Come to this elder bower, thy triumph see !
And kiss these melting eyes that weep for thee!"
Trembling, in haste, his bosom beating high,
With doubtful ecstasy, the swain drew nigh.—
But who hath power to tell his soul's delight,
As Daphne, yielding Daphne stood in sight :
Who bowed her blushing cheek on Phillis' breast,
And there with downcast looks her love confess'd.

THE FIXED RESOLVE.

Argument.

A Lover complaining of the rigour of his destiny, flies to solitude as a refuge from the tyranny of love, and resolves to renounce all former attachments; but his resolution is disturbed by seeing the traces of a woman's foot on the banks of a River, and he hastens in pursuit of the Fair unknown.

THE FIXED RESOLVE.

AH whither tend my wounded feet forlorn,
Thro' these wild glades thick-set with many a thorn?
Round me the knotted oak and purple pine,
In broad umbrageous vaults their branches twine;
Far spreads the gloom, and from the darksome boughs,
A solemn charm mild melancholy throws.
Here will I rest awhile;—here muse alone,
Propp'd on this ivied trunk, my rural throne.
Here, where no human footstep yet hath press'd
The lonely sod, nor harbours other guest
Save shelter-loving bird, or murmuring bee,
That stores its sweets within some time-worn tree;
Or wanton zephyr forest-born, whose fan
Ne'er yet hath play'd upon the breast of man.
Thou brook! that prattlest on thy desert way,
Thro' wave-worn roots, ah whither dost thou stray?

Haply to some fair spot thy current flows,
To scenes of peace, where Lovers may repose;
Lead on! lead on—yet see, what bright expanse
Of lowland landscape spreads as I advance.
On a rude rock whose rifted points protrude
Far o'er the vale, and whence the tumbling flood
Thro' groves of fir its headlong torrent rolls,
(Like thunder echoing from the distant poles)
I sit me down; here mantling thickets grow,
Like locks that wave o'er Timon's sullen brow;
Timon, unsocial youth, of savage breast,
Whose lip ne'er yet the lip of maiden press'd.

Peace be within thy borders! desert vale!
Ye sable woods a wanderer bids you hail!
Let me, lone stream, upon your margin rest,
Soothe, gentle shades, O soothe my aching breast;
No more, tyrannic Love, thy force I fear,
Farewell—thine arrows cannot reach me here.
Calm thought my former follies shall chastise,
And rural meditation make me wise.

Farewell, dark damsel! to whose shaded eyes,
My heart first made its willing sacrifice;
Tho' yesterday before me clad in white,
You danced, as now this wave with sunbeams bright:

And thou, fair maid, whose breasts that gently swell,
 And languid look thy soul's soft passion tell,
 Resistless sov'reign of my heart—farewell! }
 Yet oft I fear fond memory will retrace
 That bosom's swell, that look's bewitching grace:
 Oft will thy pictured form, in reason's spite,
 Some tender sighs in solitude excite.
 Thou too, of stedfast brow and solemn gait,
 Moving like Pallas in majestic state!
 Melinda, fare thee well! and thou less coy,
 Chloe! mirth-loving wanton, child of joy;
 Wont with ingenuous warmth my flame to share,
 Leap to my lips, and cull sweet kisses there:
 Farewell!—secure beneath these shades I lie,
 And laugh at Love, and all his darts defy.
 Ye banks!—but ah! what sight is this? what pace
 Has worn upon the sand this beauteous trace?
 Some maiden's step (what can these tremors mean?
 How small—how graceful must her gait have been.
 Now what avails my misanthropic vow?
 Reason, Philosophy, where reign ye now?
 Nymph! whosoe'er thou art of slender foot,
 Sweet stranger! do not fly my fond pursuit;

I come, I come—this faithful track shall guide
My roving step, and lead me to thy side;
And when my folding arms thy bosom press,
Sweet maiden turn not from my warm caress,
Or shun me only as the modest rose,
Shrinks from the breath the amorous zephyr blows;
Which bows her blushing crest with brief disdain,
Then smiling springs to meet his kiss again.

THE STORM.

Two herdsmen seated on a promontory overlooking the Adriatic, contemplate the awful appearances of a Sea-storm, and the horrors of a Shipwreck.—They are naturally induced by this spectacle to extol the ease and security of Pastoral Life, and to exalt the virtue of contentment.

THE STORM.

'Twas on a foreland cliff, along whose side,
Tifernus' sedgy stream was seen to glide ;
(Speeding majestic Adria's gulf to meet)
Lacon and Battus chose their lofty seat.
Above their heads dark clouds in silence rolled,
And nature's angry frowns a storm foretold.
For still was every leaf on every spray,
And every restless sea-fowl scream'd dismay.
Their herds were homeward from the pastures gone:
They linger'd on the mountain's top alone:
To mark the threatenings of the storm advance,
In fearful pomp along the sea's expanse.
When Lacon thus: " How much this stillness awes !
How full of dread this elemental pause !
Behind those clouds which mountain-like confine
The western surge, the sun's last rays decline.

BATTUS.

Black is the bosom of the wide-spread deep!
 Yet tranquil are the waves, as yet they sleep;
 Fatal repose! which ruin stalks behind,
 E'en now dull murmurs load the labouring wind;
 Hark! 'tis a sound like sorrow's distant cry,
 Like mortal shrieks upsent in some vast agony!

LACON.

Behold yon towering clouds! their march how slow;
 Tremendous is the gloom they cast below.
 Darker and darker still is Ocean's bed,
 Beneath the shade their giant shoulders spread.

BATTUS.

Hark, hark! more loudly swells the hideous roar,
 Night broods upon the sky, the sea, the shore,
 E'en Diomedes* near isles are seen no more. }
 Sole, from the tower that crowns yon dreary height,
 The wavering watch-fire pours a doubtful light.

* Now called the Isles of Tremiti—situated in the Adriatic, off the coast of Naples, nearly opposite to Mount Gargano, anciently the Promontory so called.

It comes—the spirit of the tempest raves !
 Rent are the clouds—along the hurried waves
 The desolating winds unfettered roam,
 And Ocean's angry face is lost in foam.

LACON.

Ay, 'tis an anxious hour, a scene of harm,
 Yet me this fearful strife hath power to charm ;
 Still as I gaze, delight with terror blends,
 And the mixt transport all my soul suspends.
 Here let us linger yet—if need require,
 Soon may our steps beneath this rock retire.

BATTUS.

'Tis well ; I leave thee not ; yet at our feet
 The waves insulting lash this mountain seat.
 The hoarse winds howling rock the foreland steep,
 And bow the high wood tops where'er they sweep.

LACON.

See to what height the wrathful billows rise,
 Their white spray mingles with the clouded skies !
 Anon pale fires their ridgy backs illumine,
 As heaven's dread lightning glares athwart the gloom.

BATTUS.

Ye gods! yon monstrous wave a vessel rears—
 (So small the sea-mew on some rock appears)
 And now it sinks—alas! afflicting sight!
 Where art thou now? yon gulf absorbs thee quite.

LACON.

Not so—methinks again it rides the wave;
 Save, save, ye gods! the foundering vessel save.
 Yet see, the next, with unresisted power,
 Bursts on its prow—it sinks to rise no more.
 O men forlorn! why quit your parent soil,
 To brave a life of peril, doubt, and toil?
 Did not the land that nursed you fruits contain
 Sufficient for your need? why tempt the main?
 'Tis thus while wealth beyond your wants ye crave,
 Your frustrate avarice finds an awful grave.

BATTUS.

For you while rolled beneath th' unfathomed deep,
 In vain shall parents, wives and children weep!
 In vain their country's gods with vows implore,
 A child, a husband, father, to restore.

To empty tombs the funeral rites they pay,
While ravening birds upon your reliques prey.
Ye powers ! in peace direct my lowly way,
Nor tempt my wishes from my cot to stray ;
Let plain, unanxious poverty be mine,
Blest in my field, my pasture, and my kine.

LACON.

For me, ye powers ! be such a death my lot,
If e'er your righteous gifts content me not.
No higher bliss your bounty can dispense,
Then Lacon's portion—peace and competence.

BATTUS.

Let us descend : perchance the surge's force,
Hath hurl'd upon the beach some wretched corse ;
So may due speed the friendless victim save,
Or soothe his spirit by a peaceful grave."
Beneath the rock the swains descending found
A youth outstretch'd and breathless on the ground—
Still lovely were his looks ; with tearful eyes,
Lacon and Battus tend his obsequies.
Around sad traces of distress they mark,
Loose remnants of the frail, devoted bark ;

And 'midst the scattered wreck a chest explore,
Pond'rous and freighted full with golden ore.
" Why heed this shining treasure" (Battus cries),

LACON.

Not for ourselves—yet should we guard the prize;
Haply some stranger for his loss may plead—
If not, we shall have store for those who need."
Long time untouch'd the treasured ore remain'd,
No pilgrim claim'd it, no profusion drain'd;
At length to Heaven they consecrate their store,
And raise a modest temple on the shore.
Six marble shafts the lowly threshold grace,
And in the midst thy statue, Pan, they place;
To thee, and to contentment, power divine,
United gifts, and common rites assign.

THE VOW.

Argument.

This Idyll in simplicity and brevity seems to bear a greater resemblance to the Greek Epigram than to any other species of Pastoral Poetry.

THE VOW.

BENIGNANT Nymphs! while in your fount I lave
My gory limbs, in pity touch the wave
With balm salubrious, give it power to close
My ghastly wound, and staunch the blood that flows.
For no foul wrong, no guilty strife I bleed ;
No dark hostility provoked the deed.
'Twas when a ravening wolf, with furious tooth,
Seiz'd on Amyntas' child, ill-fated youth!
His piteous cries thro' all the thicket rang,
And Heaven-directed to his aid I sprang ;
My arm the monster fell'd ; but ere he died,
His piercing fang had fasten'd in my side.
Be then propitious, Nymphs ; 'tis guiltless blood,
That stains with ruddy drops your crystal flood ;

Let not my simple prayer be breathed in vain,
And ere to-morrow's sunbeam streaks the plain,
A snow-white kid shall on this bank be slain.



THE WISH.

Argument.

In this Idyll, Gessner appears before us in his own genuine character, and with a most interesting minuteness delineates every particular of local scenery or domestic economy, by which a life of rural retirement is rendered eminently pleasing, and which he declares to be before all others the object of his own choice.

THE WISH.

Might I from Heaven my heart's ambition gain,
One wish, the summit of my hopes, attain ;
That which, by day, still terminates my views,
Which e'en in sleep its winning charm renews——
'Tis not exuberance of wealth I want,
Nor power, a brother's birth-right to supplant ;
'Tis not to fill the far-blown trump of fame,
That lands remote may echo with my name ;
No—'tis in rural solitudes to dwell,
And bid the vain tumultous world farewell :
That world where endless toils the good deceive,
Where custom dignifies what fools achieve ;
In calm obscurity my days should glide,
An humble cot, and garden, all my pride ;
My bliss, the sunshine of a mind serene,
A life of lowly rest, unenvied and unseen.

For bees, a modest race (as swains will tell),
There only thrive where peace and quiet dwell.

Behind the house my garden's ample space
Plain, unambitious elegance should grace ;
Where art, as nature's handmaid, should pursue
Her flowing lines, and shape them out anew ;
No flaunting foe to beauty and to truth,
Forcing her pliant shades to forms uncouth,
The nut's green boughs my limits should define,
And bowers at every turn, wild roses twine.
There safely would I shun the noontide ray,
Or the tann'd gardener at his toil survey ;
As with unwearied arm he stirs the ground,
Or seeds of odorous herbage scatters round ;
If haply by the sight allured to ply,
The ponderous spade with rival industry ;
Then would the lusty swain beside me stand,
And mock my weak and unaccustom'd hand,
Fit for a lighter task—the rose to bind,
Or prop the lily prostrate with the wind.

Beyond these bounds a glittering brook should lead
Its winding course along a grassy mead ;
Thence under woods of blushing fruit decline,
Thro' sapling groves that own'd no care but mine.

Mid-way its stream should to a lake expand,
And the mid lake a little isle command ;
Then onward by some vine-clad mountain's side,
Its slender current should be seen to glide ;
Till thro' a field thick-set with nodding grain,
Its lessening waters stole upon the plain.
Sweet scene! the summit of a mortal's bliss,
What were a kingdom's wealth compared to this?

But O far distant from my rustic cell,
Be walls where pride and ostentation dwell !
Where vain Dorantes from the town retires
To shine the wonder of unletter'd squires.
Tutor'd by him the solemn crowd debate,
On councils, armaments, and schemes of state,
What monarchs threat, or ministers design,
And stamp the rule of nations while they dine,
Statesmen, philosophers, and chiefs, supreme
To censure or applaud, whate'er the theme ;
While sapient looks, and simpering smiles attest
The pride that swells each self-complacent guest.

Nor let Orontes' roof be near to mine,
Lord of the luscious board and costly wine ;
No charms for him the fields or forests wear,
But when they yield him most delicious fare ;

The fowl, that flies abroad, or loves the wood,
 The tenant of the brake, or chrystal flood,
 By him is prized alone as dainty food. }
 To rural shades in haste the madman flies,
 To hide his orgies from observing eyes;
 "Hard fate (he cries) in crowded towns to dwell,
 Where babbling neighbours of our feats may tell!
 Where guests importunate each hour intrude,
 And daily revels sober thoughts exclude."
 Ah fool! far better from thy thoughts to stray,
 Than brave the torments of a lonely day;
 'Tis well for thee when dazzling pageants hide
 Views of thyself that must for ever chide.
 But vain thy flight; for with distemper'd heat,
 The rout pursues thee to thy mock retreat;
 Lash'd with impatient threats to torturing speed,
 Beneath his barbarous burden pants the steed;
 Loose joy and riot at the banquet reigns,
 While cups on cups each boist'rous drunkard
 drains;
 Till with tumultuous revels nature tires,
 And all their mighty mirth in impotence expires.
 And thou, penurious monster! at whose gate
 Grim hounds unfed in surly sadness wait,

To seize his morsel from th' unpitied poor
Oft turn'd in jealous anger from thy door—
May trackless regions of unmeasur'd space,
Divide my threshold from a wretch so base!
Scar'd by oppression from thy foul domain,
The persecuted vassal pines in vain;
No smok ascending from thy roof declares
That poverty to thee for warmth repairs.
O wealth accurs'd from patient weakness won,
Think not the scourge of Heaven thyself to shun!
Thou! whose fell avarice scants the peasant's meal,
Fear in thy turn the woes of want to feel.

But whither stray my indignant thoughts? fair train
Of spirit-soothing dreams return again!
Charm me with scenes of rural peace once more,
My woods, my lawns, my little cot restore!
Give me the simple hind whose plain abode,
Like mine o'ershadow'd shuns the garish road;
Whom deeds of social kindness shall invite,
Those deeds with friendly service to requite.
What greater bliss can man from Heaven obtain,
Than in the hearts of all around to reign!
What sight more fit the virtuous mind to move,
Than smiles of kindness earn'd by deeds of Love?

While the loud tumult of the town destroys
The great man's sleep and mars all tranquil joys ;
While gloomy walls that round his mansion rise,
Shut out the sun-bright landscape from his eyes ;
Me, the soft whispering of the morn should wake,
With sweetest breath, and songs from every brake ;
Then from my lowly couch with joy to speed,
And trace her footsteps glittering through the mead ;
Or to some mountain's breezy summit climb,
And pour my transports in unstudied rhyme ;
Charm'd with the stretch of valleys, woods, and plains,
As morn's glad lustre on the landscape gains ;
While untamed nature to my ardent gaze,
In fair disorder all her wealth displays.
Presumptuous man ! whose mimic toils aspire
To add new graces to her wild attire ;
Go, build thy vistas, shape thy walls of yew,
Each erring shrub to symmetry subdue !
Point every fence, and let no footstep mar
The level smoothness of thy strait parterre !
Mine be the rugged field, the tangled grove,
Nature's untortur'd wilderness I love,
She works by mystic laws, a perfect whole,
That fills with rapture every feeling soul.

Nor seldom to some wild sequester'd scene,
 Lost in a labyrinth of thickets green,
 My solitary steps unseen should glide
 Along some shelter'd stream's untrodden side;
 Where the deep stillness of embowering shades,
 Or gushing waterfall soft sleep persuades.
 O then how sweet is meditation's mood!
 While lengthening groves each earthly sound ex-
 clude;

Save the small soothing hum of sucking bees,
 Or lizard's chirp, or whispering of the breeze;
 Whose wandering eddy scarcely stirs the spray,
 Whence twinkling beams athwart my bosom play.
 Oft too the grass-hopper her bower should quit,
 Light on the tender blade, and gazing sit,
 Then startled spring aloof, and to her covert flit.

Oft should the moon's mild lustre at mid-night,
 My steps to sylvan solitudes invite;
 There to resign the solemn hour to thought,
 And muse on works by heavenly wisdom wrought;
 Wrapt in amazement at each vast design,
 While countless worlds of light above me shine.

Sometimes companion of the ploughman's toil,
 To trace his march along the furrow'd soil,

Or mingling with the reaper's marshall'd row,
To hear their jests, and songs of gladness flow.
When yellow autumn softly paints the trees,
Me, should the choir of mountain vineyards please ;
Where youths and maids with jocund smiles salute
The season's wealth, and pile the purple fruit.
Then home, with shouts the glad returning crowd,
Their burden bear—the wine-press rings aloud ;
Around the board they throng with eager joy ;
A social banquet crowns the blithe employ.
Then echo rustic tales and songs of glee,
And the loud laugh of hinds from labour free.
Meantime the ruler of these festive rites
To genial mirth each sated guest invites ;
Anon the wonder of the crowd commands,
By tales of sights uncouth in foreign lands ;
How twice his tour thro' Suabia's realm hath been,
Where lofty domes and palaces are seen,
Large as the village-church upon the green. }
How some great lord was drawn by six huge steeds,
Large as the largest that the miller feeds ;
And how the village lads and lasses there,
Green hats of pointed form were wont to wear.

All this meantime the awe-struct peasant youth,
Propt on his elbow hears with open mouth ;
And would forget his damsel sitting near,
Did she not laughing twitch the booby's ear,
Then Hans relates how some ill-favour'd sprite
Perch'd on his basket did a neighbour fright ;
With threats pursued him to his cottage-door,
And would have enter'd there, but that he swore.
Then to the moon their mirthful dance is led,
Till midnight warns them from their sports to bed.

But if the rigour of inclement skies,
All access to these scenes of joy denies ;
Or languid hours of summer more persuade,
To taste the calm of cool domestic shade ;
In some sequester'd chamber would I sit,
And feed on treasures of immortal wit ;
To social converse bid each lofty sage,
Of days long past, the glory of his age ;
Illustrious sires ! whose spirit still informs
The mind with wisdom and with virtue warms !
With them the customs of each realm I note ;
What marvels nature works in climes remote :
With them her secrets and her laws I trace,
Led by their light to find her working-place.

With them I range through nations famed of yore,
Their arts, their manners, policies explore,
With them their feats admire, or follies blame,
Records of high renown, or registers of shame.
But oft, the mind's true compass would I scan,
The soul's high scope and destiny of man ;
Mingling enraptur'd with the mighty throng,
Chiefs of philosophy, and priests of song,
Who bend with stately step their march sublime,
To beauty's height, which few, alas, may climb,
For most made giddy by the steep recoil,
To trace an easier path on barren soil ;
Where transient flow'rets without odour blow.
And gold is only found that shines for show.
Let me, ye sacred few ! your praise proclaim,
Successful followers of primæval fame !
And first to thee, Germania's bays belong,
Klopstock ! great master of the Epic song ;
And Bodmer thou, the critic's praise assume,
Wave thy clear torch, with Breitinger illumine
Those dreary fens where witless wanderers tread,
By the false glare of folly's lamp misled.
Thee, Wieland, let me name, whose graceful muse,
The maid, Philosophy, in secret woos ;

Link'd with a sister's love th' enlighten'd pair,
 On heavenly themes exalted converse share :
 Oft should my soul on buoyant wings ascend,
 Their flights through fancy's regions to attend.
 Thee too, sweet Kleist!—to whose descriptive lines
 The child of nature all his soul resigns,
 Soft are the mental visions they portray,
 As evening clouds beneath the western ray ;
 A calm so sweetly-soothing, such repose,
 The moon at midnight o'er the landscape throws.
 And shall not Gleim our grateful tribute share,
 Bard of the mirthful muse that sweetens care ?
 Enough—what need to name th' illustrious band,
 Whose fame the voice of ages shall command ?

Nor these alone should charm my peaceful day,
 My own wild muse should oft her flights essay ;
 And meditate anew such favourite themes,
 As darksome woods inspired, or falling streams,
 Or vineyards glimmering with the moon's pale
 beams.

And oft the graver's tablet might amuse,
 With cunning portraiture of nature's views ;
 And oft the painter's pleasing toil be mine,
 To clothe the canvass with her charms divine.

At times, to rouse me from these silent joys,
My portal should resound with cheerful noise.
Ah! then what transport, as the doors unfold,
Some friend long-cherish'd in my arms to hold!
Or from my rural round returning late,
To find him tarrying near my cottage-gate;
Sometimes a dear familiar throng to meet,
Whose smiles of artless joy my coming greet;
With these, how gladly should my steps explore,
Each favourite haunt, each beauty traced before!
Cheating the time with converse on the way,
Now grave, now sad, now innocently gay;
Till hunger might recal our roving feet,
To taste at home some simply-order'd treat.
For this my court should all its dainties yield,
My pool its tender brood, its herbs my field.
Beneath some spreading vine our board be set,
Shelter'd by many a fragrant arboret;
And while the moonbeam pierc'd our checquer'd bower,
Music and mirth should charm the creeping hour;
Save when Night's plaintive bird our silence bade,
To mark her sweeter notes in many a cadence sad.

But wherefore do I dream? why thus resign
My thoughts to bliss that never must be mine?

Too long my fancy hath your flight pursued,
 Visions of peace and joy!—no more delude.—
 Man never bless'd, nor satisfied with home,
 Looks out, and longs in distant plains to roam;
 And still, though woods and wilds oppose him, sighs
 For some loved object that beyond them lies;
 Slighting the good to every lot assign'd,
 And virtue most, the bliss of all mankind.
 For he alone is blest who well sustains
 That part, his heavenly Master's rule ordains;
 Virtue! thy light companion of his way,
 Thy smile the solace of his tranquil day.

O! be it mine thy pathway so to tread,
 That all thy votaries may deplore me dead;
 And as their tearful eyes my tomb survey,
 Lock'd in each other's arms my friends shall say:
 "Lo here the relicks of a good man rest,
 "His earthly woes by heavenly joys redress'd;
 "We too like him shall soon to dust be given,
 "Like his, our spirits share the peace of Heaven."

Thee too, Eliza, should thy love persuade
 To trace the sod where Gessner's dust is laid;
 While from thine eye-lid falls th' impassion'd tear,
 And wets the lowly flower that blossoms near:

Oh ! then—(if e'er such freedom reigns above)
My longing spirit shall rejoin thee, love,
Fondly with thee each favourite haunt retrace,
With shadowy arms thy much-loved form embrace;
And oft, when from the noisy crowd apart,
Remembrance of the past absorbs thy heart,
Shall breathe upon thy cheek so soft a sigh,
That all thy soul shall thrill with ecstasy.

NOTES.

“ Eliza! 'tis for thee she loves to sing.”

Dedication. Page 7.—line 13.

In the original this Dedication is to Daphne; under which name Gessner is supposed to have addressed the daughter of Heidegger, senator of Zurich, whom he afterwards married. Höttinger, in his *Life of Gessner*, thus speaks of her:

“ Mademoiselle Heidegger was a lady of rare accomplishments both of mind and body. Without pretending to any reputation for high talents or extensive reading, as did many young women of her acquaintance, she had acquired sufficient information to prevent her ever appearing in a disadvantageous light to a man of taste and knowledge; and whatever might be wanting to her in acquirements, was

abundantly supplied by natural vivacity, wit, and delicacy of feeling. A person tall and elegant, an eye full of animation, and lips that seemed always ready to give utterance to some sportive sally, announced her superiority in every female circle where she appeared, and kept at an awful distance every spiritless admirer who had nothing beyond fulsome compliments to offer to her attention." Wieland, also, in his *Musarion*, says: "In her character was a rare union of dignity and softness, of spriteliness, and good sense, of wit and delicacy, of masculine ability, and of feminine refinement, which made it doubtful whether she was most entitled to the love or the admiration of her acquaintance."

" *Autumnal Morning.*" P. 15.

In this Idyll a liberty is taken by the translator not fully warranted by the original, but such, perhaps as may be justified by the natural division of the subject, and by the example of many ancient Pastorals: A sentiment that occurs early in the Idyll is repeated afterwards periodically, according to the recurrence of the "versus intercalaris," of Theocritus and Virgil.

"The mountain tops like little isles appear'd."

P. 15.—l. 12.

The truth of this simple imagery will be acknowledged by every ordinary observer of nature, to whom the phenomenon must be familiar. The whole detail of this description is so just and beautiful, that Gessner will not suffer by a comparison with our favourite Thomson on a similar occasion. See *Autumn*, l. 1076.

"With joy the mountains ring, with joy the plains."

P. 16.—l. 12.

———— Ipsæ jam carmina Rupes

Ipsa sonant arbusta— VIRG.

"Possessing thee, I feel no wandering thought."

P. 18.—l. 9.

It is impossible to forget how beautifully this sentiment is expressed by Tibullus:

Sic ego secretis possim benè vivere sylvis,

Qua nulla humano fit via trita pede;

Tu mihi curarum requies; 'Tu nocte vel ipsâ

Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.'

With thee, in loneliest deserts could I dwell,
 Where never human footsteps mark'd the ground;
 Thou, light of life, all darkness canst dispel,
 And seem a world, with solitude around.

HAMMOND.

“Such toys your parents’ busy hands design.”

P. 7.—l. 19.

This was an employment which Gessner himself did not disdain. He was remarkably fond of children, and the facility with which he took part in their amusements proves the amiable simplicity of his heart. “That hand which could wield both the pen and the pencil for the delight of posterity, was often diligently employed in cutting out toys, by which he might amuse for a few moments only, the idleness of some playful child.”—Höttinger’s Life of Gessner.

“The truly virtuous are the truly blest.” P. 20.—l. 8.

The particular animation with which the subject of this Idyll is treated, plainly evinces that the poet must have felt the happiness which he describes. It is for this reason the Idylls last written by Gessner have a charm superior to the first, for besides their poeti-

cal merit they are, in more than one instance, founded on domestic incidents, and on Gessner's own experience of domestic felicity. Speaking of this Idyll in particular to his friend the Abbé Bertola, he is reported to have exclaimed: "O such a morning! such a wife! such children! see them—there they are—it was for ourselves that I drew that picture, it was my own family that inspired me whilst I wrote—it was their happiness and my own that I portrayed."

"What time the noontide pour'd its fiercest ray."

P. 31.—l. 6.

It cannot be denied, I fear, that Gessner has let pass many opportunities of denoting the time of day by familiar rural imagery, which is one of the most pleasing embellishments of pastoral poetry, and which is employed to so much advantage by the writers of antiquity in poetry of every kind, and by our own Milton in his *Paradise Lost* and in *Comus*. Better Phillips when describing noonday:

When locusts in the ferny bushes cry,

When ravens pant and snakes in caverns lie.—

Past. 6.

And who does not admire

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido
 Rivumque fessus quærit, et horridi
 Dumeta sylvani, caretque
 Ripa vagis taciturna ventis. Od. 29. 3.

*“ There, aptly wrought with all the sculptor’s power,
 Lies Love, reposing in a woodbine bower.”* P. 33. l. 10.

This ornamental design is certainly rather trite, and will bear no comparison with the natural and lively delineation of objects enumerated by Theocritus in his first Idyll—viz. The beautiful Woman and two Lovers, the striking figure of the Fisherman labouring to throw his net, the Rock, the Vineyard, the Foxes, and the Boy sitting carelessly and framing traps for Grass-hoppers, are charming embellishments.”—See Fawkes’s Preface.

—————“*from the hills above
 Down to the sea-beat shore—*P. 40.—l. 1.

How smoothly Virgil describes this species of declivity—

Qua se subducere colles
 Incipiunt, mollique jugum demittere clivo
 Usque ad aquam—

“ To kiss her lovely feet their stems incline.”

P. 41.—l. 12.

“ Whose presence as along she went,
The pretty flowers did greet;
As though their heads they downward bent,
With homage to her feet.

DRAYTON.

“ The brook’s clear beverage.” P. 58.—l. 17.

Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum
Quam quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum?
HOR. Ep. 10. 1.

“ While each uncostly meal that crowns my board.”

P. 58.—l. 19.

Nec requies; quin aut pomis exuberet annus,
Aut fœtu pecorum aut Cerealis mergite culmi—
———— dant arbuta Sylvæ—
GEORG. II. 516.

“ Hunter! my nut-brown maid to me seems fair.”

P. 60. l. 5.

This same comparison is beautifully touched by
Collins.—See Eclogue 3d.

“ What if in wealth the noble maid excel !
The simple shepherd girl can love as well.”

“ *Ah no—thy town has no delights like these.*”

P. 60.—l. 18.

Drummond, in one of his Sonnets, maintains the Shepherd's argument with such exquisite beauty of expression, that I have no doubt of being pardoned for citing him in support of it—

O, how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve !
O, how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath,
How sweeter streams than poison drank in gold.

“ *Loud laughter shall invite them to this spot.*”

P. 67.—l. 8.

But feign'd a laugh to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

POPE.

“ *Me too the Muses love.*” P. 73.—l. 11.

Et me Phœbus amat—

—— Et me fecêre poetam

Pierides.

VIRG.

“ *Worthy art thou to be that shepherd's heir.*”

P. 74.—l. 7.

—— Te nunc habet ista secundum.

VIRG.

“ *And grief alone makes eloquent my flute.*” P. 75.—l. 8.

Like orphan wailings to the fainting ear,

Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear.”

DRUMMOND.

“ *Calling the frolic Nymphs to lusty games.*”

P. 82.—l. 11.

Quas simul ac nemorum petulans effrœnaque pubes

Semiferi vidêre per herbida prata vagantes ;

Occultamque imis flammam traxêre medullis ;

—— Blandis hortantur vocibus ultro :

“ Huc, huc, O teneræ, placidissima turba, puellæ

“ Et viridi in prato molles de more choreas,

“ Ducite —— Sannaz : Salices :

The whole of the Poem from which the lines above are cited, is perhaps the most elegant imitation of the fables of Ovid that exists, and for classical diction and harmony of numbers, little inferior to any production of the Augustan age. It is far superior to any of the Eclogues by the same author.

“ *His magic power the savage crew beguiled.*”

P. 84.—l. 16.

Bacchus is said to have transformed into dolphins the pirates who stole him while asleep from the Island of Naxos. See Metamorp.

———“ *wild grape and ivy cling.*” P. 84.—l. 17.

Impediunt hederæ remos, nexuque recurv
Serpunt, et gravidis dstringunt vela corymbis.

3. 665.

———“ *the maiden’s blush.*” p. 85.—l. 16.

Gessner says: “The God ordered the Thorn to bear flowers as beautifully red as were the maiden’s cheeks when she blushed,” which is perhaps sufficient authority for the translator’s interpretation of the passage by the name of a flower familiar to every English gardener.

“ *That changed fair Syrinx to a bloodless reed.*”

P. 86.—l. 2.

For this metamorphosis, see OVID, lib. i. 705.

Panaque, cum pr̄ensam sibi jam Syringa putaret
Corpore pro Nymphæ calamos tenuisse palustres.

Longus, in his Pastoral entitled Daphnis and Chloe, alluding to this fable, subjoins the following fanciful commentary on the shape of Pan’s pipe: The god formed it (says he) “ τὰς καλαμὰς κηρω συνηδῆσας ἀνισοῦς, καθ’ ὅτι καὶ ὁ Ἔρως ἀνισοῦς ἀνίστοις,” by joining together reeds of *unequal* dimensions, because Love had treated them *unequally* in not favouring their passion.

“ *Ah wretch forlorn, no friendly prayers ascend.*”

P. 92.—l. 9.

The subject of these Shepherds’ dialogue has been handled with singular animation and ability by Dean Butson, formerly of New College, Oxon, in his Poem on the “ Love of our Country,” recited publicly in the Theatre, Oxford, 1771, and lately printed in the Academical Collection of English Prize Exercises.

The following lines are full of the spirit and enthusiasm which the subject deserves :

Poor is his triumph, and disgraced his name,
 Who draws the sword for empire, wealth, or fame;
 For him, tho' wealth be blown in every wind,
 Tho' fame announce him mightiest of mankind,
 Tho' twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade;
 Virtue disowns him, and his glories fade:
 For him no prayers are pour'd, no pæans sung,
 No blessings chaunted from a nation's tongue;
 Blood marks the path to his untimely bier;
 The curse of widows and the orphan's tear
 Cry to high Heaven for vengeance on his crimes;
 The pious muse, who to succeeding times;
 Unknowing flattery and unknown to kings,
 Fair virtue only, and her votaries sings;
 Shall shew the monster in his hideous form,
 And mark him as an earthquake, or a storm.

But in order to see this subject treated with all the vigour of sentiment and simple majesty of diction which we admire in writers of antiquity, the reader is referred to the "Lewesdon Hill" of Crowe, and to those sublime lines addressed to the Chancellor of

the University of Oxford, on the occasion of his Installation in 1793.

“ *Gods! how unblest is power upheld by crimes,*”

P. 92.—l. 11.

The sentiment which pervades this passage will be readily acknowledged in the following lines of Theocritus:

Χαρεῖο οσις τοιος' ανηριθμος δε οι ειη

Αργυρος' αει μεν πλεονων εχει ιμερος αυτον.

Αυταρ εγω τιμηνη και ανθρωπων φιλοσηλα

Πολλων ημιονων τε και ιππων προσθεν ελοιμαν.

Id. 16. 64.

Curse on the wretch, that thus augments his store!
And much possessing, may he wish for more!
I still prefer fair fame, with better sense,
And more than riches men's benevolence.

FAWKES.

———“ *hop-crown'd Terminus.*” P. 93.—l. 8.

It was anciently the custom of those who dwelt on either side near the boundary which divided their property, to hang garlands on the statue of Terminus,

and to assemble in order to celebrate feasts in honour of this Deity. See OVID. Fast.

“ And on the left a nodding corn-field rears”

P. 93.—l. 11.

The pleasing familiarity and minuteness of this rustic description by Gessner, strongly reminds us of some favourite passages in the *Odyssey* of Homer and the *Faery Queen* of Spenser.

*“ Which ever as she caught, her voice essay’d
Responsive echos to the notes they made.”* P. 100. l. 9.

Lucretius thus introduces the same subject:

At liquidas avium voces imitarier ore
Ante fuit multo quam lævia carmina cantu
Concelebrare hermines possent, auresque juvare.

“ Whence is this woe that weighs my spirit down?”

P. 102.—l. 4.

Ω^ν νοση καινης, ης υδε ειπειν οίδα το νομα.

LONGUS.

Strange malady! by what name shall I describe
you? 1

The Daphnis and Chloe of Longus furnished Gessner with a quantity of materials for imitation, which appear in many parts of his Idylls, and a translation of this Pastoral Romance by Amiot, which he accidentally found in his father's library, first suggested to him the idea of his own Poem entitled Daphnis.— See Höttinger's Life, p. 90. Edit. Zurich, 1796.

“ Ere yet soft breath thro' reeds unequal blown ”

P. 106.—l. 23.

—Zephyri cava per calamorum sibila primum
Agrestes docuère cavas inflare cicutas,
Indè minutatim dulces didicère querelas
Tibia quas fundit digitis pulsata canentùm
Avia per memora.—Lib. v. 1385, LUCRET.

“ Which Marsyas to the sylvan gods conveyed.”

P. 107.—l. 1.

Marsyas is called the inventor of the flute, or rather he is supposed to have found the instrument after Minerva had thrown it away in disgust, on account of the distortion which her features underwent in the attempt to play upon it.—OVID. Fast. vi. 705.

“ And comely is my face, tho’ somewhat brown,”

P. 117.—l. 14.

————— *Quid tum si fuscus Amyntas?*
Et nigræ violæ sunt, et vaccinia nigra. Ecl. 10.

“ See where the ivy’s leafy nets adorn” P. 118.—l. 1.

These and the following lines in which the Shepherd enumerates the particular charms of his rural habitation, cannot fail to remind the reader of their origin in the descriptions of Theocritus and Virgil.

Ἐνὶ μέλας κισσός, ἐνὶ ἀμπέλους ὁ γλυκυκαρπός
 Ἐνὶ ψοχρὸν ὕδωρ ————— Id. 2. 46.
 Ἐνὶ δὲ μοι παρ’ ὕδωρ ψοχρὸν στῆθας· ἐνδὲ νειασταὶ
 Λευχῶν ἐκ δαμαλῶν καλά δερμάτια. Id. 9. 10.

————— *varios hic flumina circum*
Fundit humus flores, hic candiola populus antro
Imminet, hic tendel texunt umbracula vites.
 Ecl. 9.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori
Hic nemus, hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.
 Ecl. 10.

Imitated in the following passage by Phillips.—

Come, Rosalind, O come! here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers,
Come, Rosalind, here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste the livelong time away.—Past. 6.

“ *And skipping fawns with cymbals mark the strain.*”

P. 118.—l. 15.

In the original “ mit ihren crotalen,” which Huber, in his French translation thus explains: “ Les crotales étoient des tuyaux fendus en deux, dont on frappoit les parties, l’une contre l’autre pour marquer la mesure du chant et des instrumens.”

“ *Our glance shall rove to ocean’s glittering tide.*”

P. 119.—l. 6.

—υπο τα πτετρα ταδ’ ασομαι εγκας εχων τυ
Συνομα μαλ’ εσορων, και Σικελαν ες αλα.

Id. 8. 55.

—————“ *for thy lip distils
Sweet honey*”—————P. 119.—l. 17.

Longus carries this comparison, so much in favour with ancient writers, far beyond any of his predecessors—χειλη μεν ροδων απαλωτερα, και στομα κηριω

γλυκυτέρον, το δὲ φίλημα κενέρον μελίτης πιχρότερον—
 “Your lips are more tender than rose-buds, your
 breath sweeter than the honey-comb, and your kiss
 stings more acutely than the bee itself.”

Lib. 1. Daph. and Chloe.

“Both seem'd at once by like emotions sway'd,”

P. 135.—l. 3.

This embarrassment is ably described by Apollonius:

Ἀμφωδ' ἀλλοίε μὲν τε καὶ εὐδὸς οὐμῶν εἰδὸν
 Αἰδομένοι, ὅτε δ' αὖτις ἐπισφισὶ βαλλὸν ὀπωπᾶς
 Ἰμεροῦν φαίδρησιν ἐκ' ὄφρυσι μείδιωvίεσ.

Argonaut. lib. 3.

“'Tis hallow'd ground, no shepherd dares intrude.”

P. 141.—l. 6.

This Pastoral superstition is copied from Theocritus—see his first Idyll, and also Greek Anthology, Epigram 5th.

“Fairest of Dian's train who haunt the woods,”

P. 141.—l. 15.

This Fable is evidently designed after Ovid, whom Gessner, as a minute painter of natural imagery, very

frequently resembles in many other pieces. It contains, however, many passages of original truth and beauty. Arethusa, in the 5th Book of the Metamorphoses, thus describes her flight from Alpheus :

Sol erat a tergo : vidi præcedere longam
 Ante pedes umbram, nisi si timor illa videbat ;
 Sed certé sonituque pedum terrebar, et ingens
 Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris.
 Fessa labore fugæ, per opem deprêndimur (inquam)
 Armigeræ, Dictynna, tuæ ; cui sæpe dedisti
 Ferre tuos arcus, inclusaque tela pharetrâ.

And afterwards, the circumstances attending her transformation into a River :

Occupat obsessos sudor mihi frigidus artus,
 Cæruleæque cadunt toto de corpore guattæ ;
 Quàque pedem movi manat lacus : eque capillis
 Ros cadit, et citius quam nunc tibi fata renarro
 In laticem mutor.—Lib. 5. 10.

“ *Might I from Heaven my heart's ambition gain,*”
 P. 181.—l. 1.

A love of retirement and a taste for the pleasures of a country life, which have always been peculiar to

the most enlightened characters in all ages, never perhaps produced a more animated picture of rural happiness than that which Gessner has given us in this Idyll. It is not only pleasing on account of the richness and variety of agreeable images which it suggests to the mind of the reader, but as containing an accurate portrait of its amiable author, of whom it is impossible to know too much. It is a subject that whenever it occurs, cannot fail to charm. Horace is never more engaging than when he is describing the delights of his Sabine Farm, nor is any part of Virgil more interesting than those lines of the 2d Georgic, where he extols the freedom and tranquillity of rural life. Our own Cowley, in several of his Essays, has embellished this subject with all the glow of unaffected sensibility, clothed in beautiful simplicity of language; but it has acquired its most captivating graces from the energetic Poetry of Thomson. It is probably the latter of these writers, which Freron alluded to when he accused Gessner of plagiarism in the composition of this Idyll;* but if the envious disposition of this critic were not sufficient to vitiate his authority, the rest of Gessner's

* See Hottinger's Life, 159.

writings bear abundant testimony that he wanted no other source than his own feelings and his own observation, from which to derive those glowing and accurate descriptions which it contains.

“ A life of lowly rest, unenvied and unseen.”

P. 181.—l. 16.

This wish, so often and so feelingly expressed, has been illustrated by the learned and Reverend Dr. Jortin, with a classical purity worthy of the Augustan age.

Qualis per nemorum nigra silentia,
Vallesque irriguas, et virides domos,
Serpit fons placidus murmure languido

Secretum peragens iter,

Flexas per patrios circumagens aquas
Paulum ludit agros, et sinuat fugam,
Donec præcipiti jam pede defluus

Miscetur gremio maris:

Talis per tacitam devia semitam
Ætas diffugiat; non opibus gravis
Non experta fori jurgia turbidi, aut

Palmæ sanguineum decus;

Cumque instant tenebræ, et lux brevis occidit,
 Et ludo satura, et fessa laboribus
 Somni frater iners membra jacentia
 Componat gelidâ manu.

“From noisy crowds afar my lonely roof,”
 P. 182.—l. 1.

Gessner's Country-House is thus described by Höttinger: A simple but commodious dwelling, in the midst of the Forest of Sihl, of which he was appointed Verdurer. It was seated in a little romantic valley watered by the river Sihl, which there rolls its noisy current underneath rugged precipices of rock crowned with lofty pine-woods:—P. 219.

We find the taste of our Poet Philips, to have been somewhat similar :

“ To view a fair stately Palace (says he) strikes us indeed with admiration, and swells the soul with notions of grandeur; but when I see a little country dwelling advantageously situated amidst a beautiful variety of hills, meadows, fields, woods and rivulets, I feel an unspeakable sort of satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing that my kinder fortune would place

me in such a sweet retirement."—Preface to the Pastorals.

"What were a kingdom's wealth compared to this?"

P. 184.—l. 8.

Regum æquabat opes animis—are the words of Virgil when he speaks of the delight which the Corycian old man took in the little garden which he himself had cultivated. Nor is the following passage in Horace less animated—

Puræ rivus aquæ, sylvaque ugerum
 Paucorum, et segetis certa fides meæ
 Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ
 Fallit sorte beatior. Od. 16. 3 Lib.

"No smoke ascending from the roof declares"

P. 186.—l. 7.

Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
 And turn th' unwilling steeds another way.

POPE.

"In fair disorder all her wealth displays."

P. 187.—l. 14.

———— Juvat arva videre

Non rostris hominum, non ulli obnoxia curæ.

VIRG. Georg. 2. 438.

See the whole of this subject illustrated on principles of sound taste, and with the true warmth of poetical feeling, by Dr. Jos. Warton, in his Poem called the Enthusiast.—See also Mason's Garden, Book 1st.

“ *My solitary steps unseen should glide*”

P. 188.—l. 3.

Compare the following sweet lines of Milton in his
 II Penseroso—

There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye;
 While the bee with honied thigh
 (That at her flowery work doth sing)
 And the waters murmuring,
 And such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep.

See also Thomson's Summer, l. 19. Mosch. Idyll. 5.
 and Hor. Epod. 2.

‘ *Sometimes companion of the ploughman's toil,*’

P. 188.—l. 23.

Nec tamen interdum pudeat tenuisse bidentem
 Aut stimulo tardos increpuisse boves—

TIBUL. Eleg. 1.

Agricolæque mordo curvum sectarer aratrum
Dum subigunt steriles arva serenda boves. Ibid. 2.

“To hear their jests and songs of gladness flow.

P. 189.—l. 2.

At once they stoop and bind the lusty sheaves ;
While through their cheerful band, the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest
Fly harmless.—Autumn, 157.

“Then Hans relates how some ill-favour'd sprite”

P. 190.—l. 5.

“We find that those who have lived easy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of nature, live in the greatest awe of their Author ; nor doth this humour prevail less now than of old. Our peasants as sincerely believe the tales of Goblins and Fairies as the Heathens did those of Fawns, Nymphs, and Satyrs. Hence we find the works of Theocritus and Virgil sprinkled with left-handed ravens, blasted oaks, witchcrafts, evil eyes, and the like.”—Guardian.

“But if the rigour of inclement skies,”

P. 190.—l. 11.

This passage will naturally recall to the mind of the reader :

Or if the air will not permit,
Some still, removed place will fit, &c. &c.

Il Penseroso.

And the following lines in Thomson's Winter:

—————There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead,
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent, &c.—431.

“ *Klopstock, great master of the Epic song.*”

P. 191.—l. 18.

The author of the Messiah is too well known to make any commentary necessary. For a particular account of him see Sturm's Critical History of German Poetry and Eloquence. Edit. Berl. 1805.—And Professor Cramer on the Person, Manners, and Character of Klopstock. The public has also been lately much indebted to a young lady for some interesting Memoirs concerning him.

“ *And Bodmer thou,*—————

————— *Breitinger*”—————

P. 191.—l. 19.

Bodmer—author of Noachides, and Essay on the Sublime—translator of Milton.—

Breitinger—Professor of Belles Letters—Author of a Criticism on the Epic of Homer and Virgil.

“*Thee, Wieland, let me name.*” P. 191.—l. 23.

Author of Agathon, Musarion, Oberon, and Comic Tales.

“*Thee, too, sweet Kleist.*” P. 192.—l. 5.

Not less distinguished as the Author of a Poem on the Spring, and other Pastorals, than as a gallant Soldier and firm Patriot. He died of the wounds he received at the battle of Kunnersdorf (1759), where he commanded a battalion, carried three batteries, and was disabled when mounting the fourth. The Cossacks stripped him and threw him into a ditch, where he would have died, had not a superior officer recognized him and removed him to Frankfort. He is said to have always had a presentiment of this violent sort of death.

—————“*Glein*”—————

P. 192.—l. 11.

Author of several elegant Anacreontic Ballads.

“*To clothe the canvass with her charms divine.*”

P. 192.—l. 24.

Gessner was not only a skilful Painter, but himself etched engravings of the scenes which he so beau-

tifully describes in his Poems. The simplicity and good sense of the advice which he gives to young artists, in his Epistle to Fuseli, on Landscape-Painting, do the highest credit to his taste and his judgment. " I have no doubt (says Huber) that the imagination of the Poet was materially assisted by the eye of the painter, and it would be well if all young persons who devote themselves to the Muses, would pass some time in a school of painting. The exercise of this art renders it necessary to examine nature with a scrutinizing eye, and to copy her in a number of minute circumstances which are rarely noticed by the generality of mankind. The painter is accustomed to contemplate objects under every change of aspect, and in points of view which escape common observation. The images which this study enables him to collect become an abundant source of novelty and variety in description, and are a most useful repository to the Poet, by recurring to which he may always avoid dryness on the one hand, or commonplace redundancy on the other.—See French Preface to the Idylls.

" Beneath some spreading vine our board be set."

P. 193.—l. 17.

How fresh and lively is the description of his

great master, Theocritus, when he speaks of a similar entertainment!

ενδε βαθειαις

Αδειας σχινοιο χαμμενεσιν εκλινημεες

Συδε νεομαλοισι γεγαθοτες οйнаρεοισι

— αδ' ολολυγων

Τηλοθεν εκ πυκινεσσι βαλων τρυζεσκεν ακανθαις

Id. 7. 134.

“Slighting the good to every lot assign'd.”

P. 194.—l. 7.

Cowley (after his own manner) says “If great delights be joined with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of men not to take them in the country, where they are so tame and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in courts and cities, where they are so wild and the chase so troublesome and dangerous.”—*Essay on Agriculture.*

“To trace the sod where Gessner’s dust is laid.”

P. 194.—l. 22.

Many private monuments have been erected to the memory of this amiable Poet by the respect and gra-

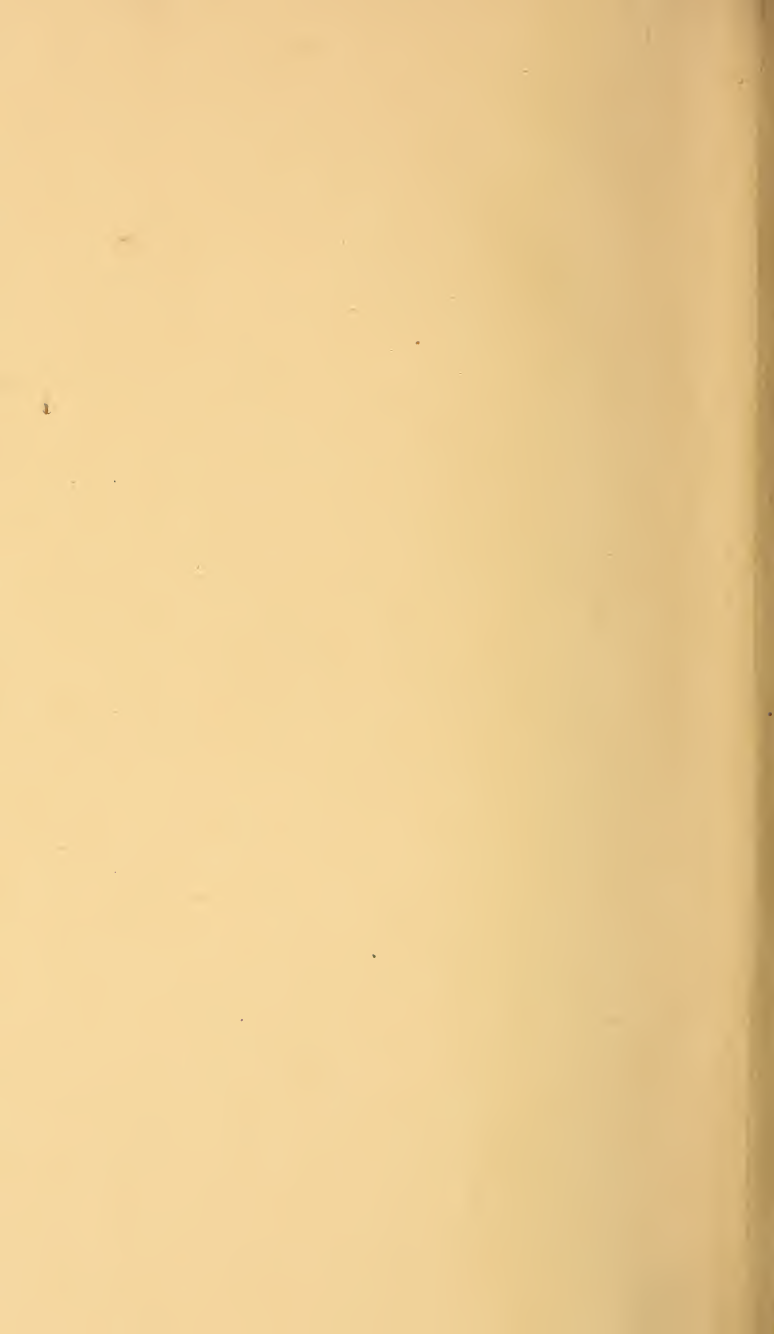
titude of his admirers; but the most distinguished is
 that which his fellow-citizens have constructed in a
 public walk on the banks of the lake of Zurich, the
 place of which he was so long the delight and the
 ornament. Travellers describe the spot as most ro-
 mantic, near the junction of two rivers, the Sihl and
 Limmat, and on the tomb, Nature and Poetry are
 represented by two female figures weeping over his
 urn.

CORRIGENDA.

P. 32.—l. 1. After vest, suppl.

————The other from the pool
 Rais'd limpid draughts her glowing cheek to cool.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 029 561 864 4